



## THE CADOGAN DIARIES

continued from preceding page  
and Dorothy [Lady Halifax] through Palace Garden. Halifax wanted to talk about Sam Hoare. I said there was one bright spot—there were lots of Germans and Italians in Madrid and therefore a good chance of Sam Hoare being murdered. Halifax looked pained, but Dorothy agreed heartily.

Cabinet 11.30. Pretty grim. Germans still driving on. See no hope of any counter-strike... Sam Hoare and Lady Maud fussing around... Walking down the passage, to make conversation, I said, "It must be difficult for you, so suddenly, to adapt yourself to living in a new country." She said, "It may be easier than to adapt oneself to living in an old country in new conditions"! That's it! The rats leaving the ship. The quicker we get them out of the country the better. But I'd sooner send them to a penal settlement. He'll be the Quisling of England when Germany conquers us and I am dead.

Tuesday, 21 May

Cabinet at 11.30. Unfortunately Churchill began by saying situation more hopeful. Which resulted in the most awful tale of woe being unfolded. French Command are in complete confusion and helpless. What a situation!... That little brighter Sam Hoare at five. He determined to fly out of this country as soon as he can get a plane. Halifax asked me why he was in such a hurry. I said, "Because he's frightened." Halifax: "You don't really think that?" I: "I certainly do, he's the first rat to leave the ship." And what the hell can he do anyway in Spain? Brute.

A miracle may save us: otherwise we're done.

Wednesday, 22 May

Cabinet 10.30. Winston had left at dawn for France. Neville in charge. Not much news—mainly because there is no co-ordination and no communications. What there is, is black as black. We put the Guards into Boulogne all



VANSITTART...  
'has just been made a  
Privy Counsellor!  
What on earth for?'



HOARE...  
'dirty little dog has  
got the wind up and  
wants to get out'



BEAVERBROOK...  
'I got a bad impression  
... trying to rush things  
into the shop window'



CHURCHILL...  
'too rambling and  
romantic and sentimental  
and temperamental'

Thursday, 23 May

The public don't grasp the situation at all. Sam's agreement received—thank heaven. So we can get him out of the country in a few days. Good riddance of v. bad rubbish. He wasted a lot of my time... Mosley arrested! Quite right. But there are 1000s of others who ought to be... If Weygand can stage good counter-attack on flank attack in next 24 hours, we may avert complete disaster. But that is all the time he has.

Sunday, 26 May

Cabinet at 9. Reynaud coming over here for lunch. Plain that French are in very bad way. Letter from Spears showing they are talking about capitulating. They say they have 50 Divisions against 150 and insufficient material. Cabinet at 2. Churchill gave us account of his conversation with Reynaud at 11. Churchill produced much better instructions to Halifax, ordering him to come away before the end and giving some latitude about final capitulation. Cabinet 5.30 till 8... P.M. off to Paris tomorrow morning. French look like running out and putting blame on us. And he must hearten them and keep them in the fight or we must cut out and fight alone—and cut a good figure too, I hope. V. tired, but how these others—Chiefs of Staff, &c—stand up to it, I can't think.

Tuesday, 28 May

Cabinet 11.30. Dill brought

centrate on defence here. Not sure he's right. He against final appeal, which Reynaud wanted, to Muss. He may be right there. Settled nothing much. Churchill too rambling and romantic and sentimental. Old Neville still the best of the lot... A non-stop nightmare. God grant that I can go on without losing faith or nerve. But where to?

After the afternoon Cabinet Halifax asked Churchill to come out into the garden with him. Halifax said to me "I can't work with Winston any longer." I said "Nonsense: his rhodomontade probably bore you as much as they do me, but don't do anything silly under the stress of that." Halifax came to have tea in my room after. Said he had spoken to Winston, who of course had been v. affectionate! I said I hoped he really wouldn't give way to an annoyance to which we were all subject and that, before he did anything, he would consult Neville. He said that of course he would and that, as I knew, he wasn't one to take hasty decisions.

Wednesday, 29 May

Walked to the Foreign Office—only sane moments I have. Everyone—principally Gladwyn Jebb—wanted me to see 100 people and read 1,000 long papers before 10.30. Can't be done and I reacted. Cabinet 11.30. News unpleasant. We have got off 40,000 men and taking them, at present, at rate of 2,000 an hr. But the end will be awful. A horrible discussion of what instructions to send to Gort. Churchill rather theatrically bulldogged. Opposed by Chamberlain and Halifax and

yielded to a reasonable extent. Fear relations will become rather strained. That is Winston's fault—theatricality. Discussion of what to do with ice-cream-vendors. Drown the brutes is what I should like to do...

Thursday, 30 May

Cabinet 12.30. Churchill produced much better instructions to Gort, ordering him to come away before the end and giving some latitude about final capitulation. Cabinet 5.30 till 8... P.M. off to Paris tomorrow morning. French look like running out and putting blame on us. And he must hearten them and keep them in the fight or we must cut out and fight alone—and cut a good figure too, I hope. V. tired, but how these others—Chiefs of Staff, &c—stand up to it, I can't think.

Friday, 31 May

P.M. in Paris. Cabinet at 11.30. By noon, we had taken off 164,000 men—a miracle! Lunched at home. Went with Theo [Cadogan's wife] to choose rugs. Just as well to give away Treasury notes, which will be worth nothing, for goods of value!...

Sunday, 2 June

Cabinet 6.30. French howling for assistance on the Somme. Perhaps we should give them a token, but it's so much down the drain. It won't do any good—It won't prevent the French reviling us. I'd really sooner cut loose and concentrate on defence of these islands—come the 4 quarters of the world in arms! We should really be better off! Decision postponed for report of Chiefs of Staff Labour members, Neville, Halifax, and, I think, Archibald Sinclair, think with me. Sentimental Winston rather doubtful.

Monday, 3 June

Cabinet 11.30. Dowding [Fighter Command] there and exposed the extent of the strain on RAF fighters. Discussion as to reply to be sent to French appeal for help on Somme. Glad to say it was decided not to fall between two stools and not to send over fighter protection over to France. That would be fatal...

Tuesday, 4 June

Cabinet 11.30. Discussed reply to French appeal. Churchill trying hard to send out fighters to help them. But they're no use. If I could see any signs of the French fighting I should take a risk. But they don't. And they ignored our 24 hour warning of raid on Paris yesterday, and the pilots were all at lunch! 40 machines on the ground, and 4 got off!

Thursday, 6 June

Vansittart has been made a Privy Counsellor! What on earth for? He has now, by well-earned dismissal, achieved a G.C.B. and a P.C.I! Found Halifax this morning sealing up a letter to Vansittart—con-

gratulating him, I suppose. Halifax is a queer fish.

Monday, 10 June

Cabinet at 12.30. French more or less holding, but in reply to a question whether they will continue to do so, Dill blithely answered "No." What fun! Churchill said he was going over to France after lunch, but subsequently cancelled it—largely, I suspect, because French Government are packing up and leaving today...

6. Musso declared war. Am rather glad. Now we can say what we think of these purulent dogs.

Tuesday, 11 June

Cabinet 12.30. Not much news as French G.Q.G. and Government have moved. But French seem to be holding pretty well. Churchill off to France again this afternoon...

Wednesday, 12 June

Saw Halifax... who said Winston had brought back news that French were evidently cracking. Well, if they must, let them crack and let us concentrate on our own defence and the defeat of Germany, instead of dribbling away to France all that we have that is good—and losing it. But what a look-out! God give us courage. Bombing attack on N. Italy last night a flop—owing to bad weather and French opposition!

Thursday, 13 June

Cabinet at 10. French army seems to have disintegrated. After, Neville brought up proposal—which he didn't think much of (nor I)—for fusion of British and French Governments—I had meanwhile drafted telegram to Bordeaux, suggesting French Government should come here. That is the most practical step. Draft approved. I broke away at lunchtime—I've had 10 weeks non-stop and it's too much almost, even for me!... Went out in a deluge of rain and picked peas and dug potatoes for our dinner, which was excellent. Did some writing after, but won't look at work! Everything awful... We'll all fight like cats—or die rather than submit to Hitler. US look pretty useless. Well, we must die without them.

there for French. He said French army bust and asked us to release him from no-separate-peace agreement. He said he had been heartened by Roosevelt's message allowing publication of his appeal. So we said make another—last appeal and meanwhile we won't answer your question. Spears [Churchill's personal representative with French Prime Minister] told me he hadn't been in this mood at noon. But old Pétain completely defeatist—also Weygand: it's not his war. Reynaud improved later, but he's v. mercurial. Off the ground soon after 6. Landed Hendon about 8.30. Dined at home. Cabinet 10.45 till 1.15. Good message from Roosevelt which crossed Reynaud's last appeal. We sent appreciative message to Roosevelt, another to Reynaud saying he's got all he wanted, and a message of solidarity from France to England. Home about 1.30. V. tired. Had about five hours in plane which should be restful—but rattling. Dahlia being put in!

Friday, 14 June

Germans entering Paris. Everything as black as black. Even Turks running out... Censor at 7.30 said message intercepted to effect that Pétain has formed a Government. If true, that means capitulation and all lost.

Saturday, 15 June

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# THE DEATH OF MR McGREGOR

WAS AWAY FROM THE Gombe Stream when the timid Oly had a new baby, but I was here a month later when, one evening, she walked slowly into camp supporting him with one hand. Each time she made a sudden movement he uttered a loud squawk, as though in pain.

It was soon obvious that the baby was very ill indeed. All four limbs hung limply and he screamed almost every time his mother took a step. When Oly sat down, very carefully arranging his legs so not to crush them, his elder sister Gilka went and sat close to her mother and stared at the infant.

Oly ate a couple of bananas and then set off along the slope, with Gilka and me following. Oly moved for only a few yards at a time and then, though worried by the pains of her infant, sat down cradling him close.

After travelling about a hundred yards, which took her just over half-an-hour, Oly climbed into a tree. Again she carefully arranged her baby's own arms and legs on her lap and sat down.

When we had been there

for fifteen minutes it began

rain, a blinding deluge, which almost obscured the limbs from my sight. During a storm, which went on for forty minutes, the baby must have died or lost consciousness; when Oly left the tree afterwards, he made no sound and his head lolled back limply as his arms and legs.

I was amazed at the sudden complete change in Oly's handling of her baby. I had watched a young and inexperienced mother carrying her dead baby and, even the day after its death, she had held the body as though it were still alive, cradling it against her breast. But Oly cradled down the tree with her infant carefully in one hand and, when she reached the ground, she cradled the limp body over her shoulder.

It was as though she knew

she was dead. Perhaps it was

because he did not move or

that her maternal instincts

no longer roused.

The following day Oly

lived in camp, followed by

Gilka, with the corpse of her

dead infant slung over her shoulder.

Then she sat down the body

metimes dropped heavily to

the ground. It was gruesome to

watch, and several of the young

male chimpanzees went over

and stared.

Presently Oly wandered

away from camp and she and

Gilka with me following, went

the way up the opposite

mountain slope. There she sat

down. The dead infant slumped to the ground beside her and, rather than to glance down at it, Oly ignored it. She sat, staring into space.



Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

hardly moving for the next half-hour save to hit away the fast-gathering swarm of flies.

Now, at last, came Gilka's

opportunity to play with her

sibling. It was not easy to

watch. Already the corpse had

begun to smell; the face and

belly showed a definite

greenish tinge, and the eyes,

which were wide open, stared

glassily ahead.

Inch by inch, glancing

repeatedly up at her mother's

face, Gilka pulled the body

towards her. Carefully she

groomed it, and then with a

quick glance towards her

mother, Gilka carefully lifted

the dead body of her sibling

and pressed it to her breast.

Only then did Oly's lethargy

leave her for a moment. She

snatched the body away but

then, once more, let it fall to

the ground.

The following afternoon Oly

and Gilka arrived in camp with

the body. Somewhere in the

vicinity Oly must finally

have abandoned it.

Had we known, at the time,

that Oly's infant was, without

doubt, the first victim of the

terrible paralytic disease that

struck our chimpanzee community.

I should never have

followed the family—for, at

that time, my own baby was on

the way. But we had no suspicion,

and the next victims did not appear for another two weeks.

Later we discovered that

there had been a bad outbreak

of poliomyelitis amongst the

African population in the

Kigoma district: since chimpan-

zees are susceptible to almost every human infectious disease and are known to get polio, it seems almost certain that this was the epidemic which afflicted our chimpanzees.

We did not know what lengths the disease might ravage the chimp community, and we felt it was worth at least trying to stop it by treating those that were healthy. The Pfizer Laboratories in Nairobi generously supplied us with the oral vaccine, and we gave it to the chimps in bananas.

I think those few months were the worst I have ever lived through for, every time a chimp stopped visiting the feeding area for a while, we started to wonder whether we would ever see him again. Fifteen chimpanzees in our group were afflicted, of whom six lost their lives. Some of the victims were lucky and survived with only minor disabilities; Gilka lost part of the dead body of her sibling and pressed it to her breast. Only then did Oly's lethargy leave her for a moment. She snatched the body away but then, once more, let it fall to the ground.

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We had known it, secretly, all along—yet we had waited, hoping for a miracle. I stayed with him for a while and, as dusk fell, he looked up more and more often into the tree above him. I realised that he must want to make a nest, so I cut and took to him a large pile of green vegetation. At once he manoeuvred himself to it, lay down and with one hand and his chin, tucked the twigs over to make a comfortable pillow.

I went down to see him later that night, and it says much for the extent to which we had won his trust and confidence that, having heard my voice, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep, three feet away and with his back to me and my bright pressure lamp. Next morning, whilst he was grunting in delight over his favourite food—two eggs which we had given him—we sent him, unsuspecting, to happier hunting grounds.

THE AMAZING SUCCESS OF man as a species (if success is indeed the proper word) is the result of the evolutionary development of his brain which has led, among other things, to tool-using and tool-making, the ability to solve problems by logical reasoning, thoughtful co-operation, and language.

One of the most striking ways in which the chimpanzee, biologically, resembles man lies in the structure of his brain. The chimpanzee, with his marked capacity for primitive reasoning, exhibits a type of intelligence closer to that of man than is the case with any other man-like living today. The brain of the modern chimpanzee, in fact, is probably not too dissimilar to the brain that so many millions of years ago directed the behaviour of the first ape-men.

Until I first watched David Greybeard and Goliath modifying grass stems so that they could use them to fish for termites, the fact that prehistoric man made tools was considered to be one of the major criteria which distinguished him from other creatures. The chimpanzee does not fashion his probes to "a regular and set pattern"—but then prehistoric man, before his development of stone tools, undoubtedly poked around with sticks and straws.

After two or three days the others got used to McGregor's strange appearance and grotesque movements, but they could use them to fish for termites, the fact that prehistoric man made tools was considered to be one of the major criteria which distinguished him from other creatures. The chimpanzee does not fashion his probes to "a regular and set pattern"—but then prehistoric man, before his development of stone tools, undoubtedly poked around with sticks and straws.

At the same time, the chimpanzee does not fashion his probes to "a regular and set pattern"—but then prehistoric man, before his development of stone tools, undoubtedly poked around with sticks and straws.

When chimpanzees are overjoyed by the sight of a large pile of bananas they pat and kiss and embrace one another

as a girl, watching a horror film, may seize her companion's hand. Both chimpanzees and humans seem reassured, in

similar situations, by physical contact with another individual.

This comfort probably originates during the years of infancy when, for so long, the touch or holding of another's genitals is a greeting in some societies; indeed, it is described in the Bible, only it has been translated as the placing of the hand under the companion's thigh.

There are some chimps who, far more than others, constantly seem to try to ingratiate themselves with their superiors just as there are people who, when trying to be extra friendly, reach out to touch the person concerned and smile very frequently and attentively. Ugly as they are, for some reason or other, people who are unsure of themselves and slightly ill at ease in social contexts.

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as a girl, watching a horror film, may seize her companion's hand. Both chimpanzees and humans seem reassured, in

similar situations, by physical contact with another individual.

It is if we begin to consider the moral issues at stake when, say, one human begs forgiveness from another, or himself forges, that we get into difficulties when trying to draw parallels between human and chimpanzee behaviour.

Whilst we may make a direct comparison between the effect on anxious chimpanzees or human, of a touch or embrace of reassurance, the issue becomes complicated if we probe into the motivation which directs the gesture of the ape or the human who is doing the reassuring. For humans are capable of acting from purely unselfish motives; we can be genuinely sorry for someone and try to share in his troubles in an endeavour to offer comfort and solace.

It is unlikely that a chimpanzee acts from feelings quite like these; I doubt whether even members of one family, united as they are by strong mutual affections, are ever motivated by pure altruism in their dealings one with another.

On the other hand, there may be parallels in some instances. Most of us have experienced sensations of extreme discomfort and unease in the presence of an ailing, weeping person. We may feel compelled to try to calm him, not because we are sorry for him, in the altruistic sense, but because his behaviour disturbs our own feeling of well-being.

Perhaps the sight—and especially the sound—of a crouching, screaming subordinate similarly makes a chimpanzee uneasy; the most efficient way of changing the situation is for him to calm the other with a touch.

When two chimpanzees greet each other after a separation their behaviour often looks amazingly like that shown by two humans in the same con-



Jane Goodall with her son, "Grub": observation of chimp mothers influenced her approach to his early upbringing.

hand, or touch her head, in response to her submission.

It is not only the submissive and reassuring gestures of the chimpanzee that so closely resemble our own. Many of his games are like those played by human children. The tickling movements of chimpanzee fingers during play are almost identical to our own.

The chimpanzee's aggressive displays are not unlike some of ours. Like a man an angry chimpanzee may fixedly stare at his opponent. He may raise his forearm rapidly, jerk back his head a little, turn towards his adversary upright and waving his arms, throw stones, wield sticks, hit, kick, bite, scratch and pull the hair of a victim.

In fact, if we survey the whole range of the postural and gestural communication signals of chimpanzees and humans, we find striking similarities in many instances. It would appear, then, that either man and chimp have evolved gestures and postures along a most remarkable parallel, or that we share, with the chimpanzee, an ancestor in the dim and very distant past, an ancestor, moreover, who communicated with his kind by means of kissing and hugging, touching and patting and holding hands.

One of the major differences between man and his closest living relative is, of course, that the chimpanzee has not developed the power of speech. Even the most intensive efforts to teach young chimps to talk have met with virtually no success. Verbal language does indeed represent a truly gigantic stride forward in man's evolution.

All the same, when humans come to an exchange of emotional feelings, most people fall back on the old chimpanzee-type of gestural pat, kiss, embrace, touch or pat each other on almost any part of the body, particularly the head and face and genitals. A male may chuck a female or an infant under the chin.

Humans, in many cultures, show one or more of these gestures. Even the touching or holding of another's genitals is a greeting in some societies; indeed, it is described in the Bible, only it has been translated as the placing of the hand under the companion's thigh.

In human societies much greater behaviour has become ritualised. A man passing an acquaintance in the street does not necessarily incline his head to show that he acknowledges the superior social status of the other, yet undoubtedly the gesture derives from submissiveness bowing or prostration. We do not only smile when we are nervous and ill at ease during a greeting; nevertheless, our own greetings often serve to acknowledge the relative social status of the individuals concerned, particularly on formal occasions.

When chimpanzees are overjoyed by the sight of a large pile of bananas they pat and kiss and embrace one another as two Frenchmen may embrace when they hear good news, or as a child may leap to hug his mother when told of a special treat.

It is if we begin to consider the moral issues at stake when, say, one human begs forgiveness from another, or himself forges, that we get into difficulties when trying to draw parallels between human and chimpanzee behaviour.

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## Bond's Lear

THEATRE □ J W LAMBERT

AFTER seeing most of the play twice, and taking careful thought, I suspect that Edward Bond and his director William Gaskill deserve heart felt commiseration for the mishap of Lear at the Royal Court.

When Mr Bond's "Saved" was first produced at this theatre I attacked it, but was at pains to emphasise that here was a talented dramatist. Most of his later work has supported that view, despite lingering uneasiness over his handling of sadomasochistic imagery, both verbal and visual. Meanwhile Mr Bond has made, in interviews and articles, a number of unexceptionable statements about the evils undermining society—e.g.: "If you behave violently, you create an atmosphere of violence, which generates more violence."

In "Lear" he has set out to show us, in the Old King, an epitome of man as both tyrant and victim, demented in freedom and derelict in the prison of society or the self. The character is finely drawn in rage, bewilderment, despair and a last useless resolution, expressed in a number of passages which in their lapidary strength are worthy even of Beckett; and Harry Andrews, tall, gaunt, Tolstoyan, indeed Shakespearean, though a little under-powered for the full range of the King, speaks them with a nobly-pained simplicity.

But surely the man who made that remark about violence must have intended the setting of this splendid figure to be presented, and received, as a black farce in the manner of some way-out Western? Consider: The play opens with a shout and a strangled scream offstage. A dying soldier with his stomach ripped open is carried on. Another man is lined up before a firing-squad, and after a good deal of cliff-hanging is actually shot by Lear—the first of what came to seem like dozens of summary shootings both on and just

off stage. The fun waxes fast and furious as ghastly images accumulate, verbal and visual.

Let us note a few more amusing touches: talk of a horse shot, a blind old man giving evidence at the king's trial. Another man kicked to death, one of Lear's daughters joining in—"I want to vomit on his liver . . . look at his hands, like boiling crabs!" "Do you want him done in in a fancy way? I once had to cut a man's throat for ladies to see," that always gives me my deepest pleasure." A man has knitting needles thrust into both ears. Another man creeps on with a knife, slashes the sleeping king, jumps down a well, breaks his leg, is brought up dead. A young wife is taken behind a line of washing to be raped; after more cliff-hanging we are allowed a glimpse of the act.

Offstage the shriek of maddened pigs is heard—enter a soldier covered in pig's blood. Later the shrieking pigs re-enter this time a ghost who has been around for some time, occasionally uttering eldritch shrieks; now he seems to have had his genitals bitten off and rather surprisingly bleeds copiously before dying a second time. Another bloody dying corpse is brought on, and a procession of chained prisoners. There is much talk of animals with blood on their mouths, creatures caged with hands cut off, jackals and wolves, a bird caught and plucked, its wings broken and nailed to a tree, of troops who "feed their own kids to the guard-dogs to keep them quiet" (the dogs or the kids?).

Cordelia, no relation, appears her with bairds got up as Latin American revolutionaries, and all's up with the old lot. One of the king's daughters, a spiteful sexpot, is shot and then cut open; her father plunges his hands into her stomach, brings them out dripping with her blood. The other daughter—a brutal busybody—is kicked and bayoneted to death, well downstage. The old king is put into a straitjacket, tied to a chair. A complicated apparatus is put over his head, tubes are inserted and eyes extracted for use elsewhere (cf. Mr Bond's story "The King with Golden Eyes") to the accompaniment of clinical talk from the doctor and agonised howls from the king.

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HERE was something, said a friend when I asked him conversationally what Bunuel's *Vidiana* (Academy One; Eastman four; A) was like, about somebody with only one leg. You bet, thought Bunuel is drawn to the image of the one-legged. And I went in to the cinema wondering what of his manners I should meet. Too late for surrealism; too late for the desperate pity of *Los Olvidados* or the smooth madness, horrendous in its upper-class setting of *El*; more likely something belonging to the phase of Lazarín and *Vidiana* and *The Exterminating Angel*, a phase not indeed more openly anti-clerical or expressing a more positive moral view than was earlier to be detected. One-legged? *Vidiana*, thought, that's the ticket. Something in the *Vidiana* manner.

Starting to find a straightforward narrative, a film severe in form and precise in everyday detail.

Drawn from a novel by Benito Pérez Galdós, it is set in 1860. J. Francisco Aranda is an excellent introduction to the high-class script (Lorrimer £1.05) as it has been well drawn; the period has been modelled from the late nineteenth century to the late 1920s. Orphaned as a girl, *Vidiana* is taken under the roof of her guardian, Don Lope, impoverished, elderly but still amorous, has opinions—gnostic, anti-authoritarian—beral about everything except the feminine situation, to which he adopts an attitude distinctly anti-Women's-Lib. For the girl to go out unaccompanied by the housekeeper would be dishonourable. But it is all right for him to take her to bed; and reverting to his progressive principles he reaches the blessings of free love and no nonsense about marriage. Then with a flourish of ape and cane he takes himself off to the cafe where an exclusively masculine company daily congregate.

The society in fact is bourgeois, to use the word in its proper sense and without the political connotations now so exasperatingly cliché. Not that this is an political film. Bunuel's films are early always political, as they are nearly always religious; and with his obsessive hatred of the Church is the great religious film-maker, as Joyce is the great religious novelist. Nevertheless *Vidiana* is first and foremost a study of a character, of men and women one might say day see without recognising the savagery beneath the surface. It is true that Don Lope is destroyed partly by the society in which he lives; he ends up not only married but the pet of the church he has despised. But really *Vidiana* is a film about two people who destroy one another. The old man destroys the girl trying to subjugate her; she destroys him by using his weakness as a weapon against his principles. Fernando Rey's performance

## Life among the liberals

FILMS □ DILYS POWELL

ance moves delicately from the well-bred arrogance of the opening to the gradual erosion of masculine confidence; the old man, stirring a sympathy rare in a Bunuel film, is the central figure rather than the girl. But Catherine Deneuve as the passive obedient *Vidiana* petrifying after an unsatisfactory romance into a vengeful cripple (yes, one leg) makes her transitions with a striking effect. And there are portrayals of eccentric variety from Lola Gaos as the housekeeper and Jesus Fernandez as her deaf-mute son (I forgot to tell you there was a deaf-mute, lecherous too, as well as a one-legged).

And always the accurate details, minute, unobtrusive; you have to watch for the way the housekeeper twitches her shawl as she walks down a passage, the way Don Lope hangs up his hat in the cafe. Was the film, one asks, thinking back, in colour? It was. But what one remembers

is what happened, what was felt. *Vidiana* may look like an aesthetically conservative film. Don't be deceived. It makes its effects by the very austerity of its style. And its effects are diabolically ironic.

AT THE Columbia, Men & Python's *And Now For Something Completely Different* (director Ian MacNaughton; colour; AA). In spite of repeated recommendations I have failed to pursue the consequences of the television series; perhaps that is as well, for much of the film comes as a happy surprise. The known good humour I find an un-sufferable bore. But there are a reasonable number of sharply inventive sketches. A cartoon about metamorphosed hands is pleasing as well as funny. Twice—once during a sketch about a Hungarian-English phrase-book, once during a dialogue about the unsatisfactory purchase of a parrot—I laughed uncontrollably.

And that hasn't happened to me for a long, long time. Gratitude, gratitude.

I HAVE been hoping to think better of *Private Road* (Gaumont, Notting Hill Gate; colour; X) at a second look than at my first, when I found *Barney* (Platt's film) uncomfortably forgettable; goodness knows one is well disposed to new directors, and though I couldn't warm to his earlier film, *Conco Bullfrog*, I could see the gift.

And I do think better. The picture of the generation gap, the young writer edged into the advertising world, young girl in flight from not unreasonable middle-class parents, young heroin-addict drop-out young pair of unbearably priggish Left-wingers has enough irony to keep one interested. The dialogue usually convinces; the playing usually flows persuasively. And the direction has a kind of authority; it doesn't merely prom-

ise, it performs. What it performs, or rather displays, I find apoplectic. But that is far better than feeling indifferent.

THE National Film Theatre is half-way through a season of films by the Polish director Kazimierz Kutz; up to now I have encountered, and that years ago, only the bizarre and painful *The Silence* (1963). On Thursday, however, *The Taste of the Black Earth* (1970) offers what I fancy is a fairer view of his work. Theme, the Silesian revolt of 1920; out of a family of seven fighters the youngest behaves with especial daring. The film makes the aesthetic impression of a series of nineteenth-century double portraits, daubing, caricatured, spiteful, the subject a bit absurd, touching. I must say I take to it.

THE Race Relations Board has commissioned a film specifically for colour television. *East of Faerie* (Palmer), a fiction in colour about a boy who meets racial discrimination but finds that the Race Relations Act can help him. With professional players from India and Pakistan, it has dialogue chiefly in Urdu/Hindi, but one can follow the simple and humane message. A good idea, anyway.



Apparition in the graveyard: Topol (right) as Tevye and Norma Crane as his wife Golde in the film of *Fiddler on the Roof* which opens at the Dominion Cinema on December 9. (The musical itself has just ended its London run of 2,030 performances last night.) Joseph Stein wrote the script, based on his own stage play which, in turn, was based on stories by Sholom Aleichem. The director is not, as you might expect from this picture, Ken Russell but Norman Jewison

## On with the motley

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SEEDY ALCOHOLIC, when the only seed is to sabotage the pathos of "Vestilla gubba" and the fierce drama of the ending? Helge Brilloth, who appeared in both cycles, was a new Siegfried of steady, though not heroic, voice and of most uncommon charm and intelligence. David Ward was the Wotan of the second cycle: thoughtful, shy, original, with a voice of solemn purity which lacks the note of command. The Schneiders' Siemsen sets, which have their successful scenes, are at their most and coldest in the first act of "Die Walküre" which was, nevertheless, saved by the ringing Sieglinda of Helge Dernesch and the stolid but likeable Siegmund of Richard Cassilly—and, of course, by the Hunding of Karl Ritterbusch, whose touching Fasolt and alarming Hagen completed the memorable début of a new Wagnerian bass.

Full stage light revealed what we have been led to expect: a vaguely "modern dress" production of the revised text, adopted on re-use, economy rather than conviction. A bare tiled square with the entrance to a church on one side, looked Italian moush; but a striped backcloth conveyed nothing while clothes and properties belonged to a no man's land. There was even a lady tourist who wore a hat with a notting tail (last seen, perhaps, in the 1920s) and stuck to it right through Canio's 11 p.m. theatricals—for the same scene and crowd appeared in *Pagliacci* also.

They are both, fortunately, indestructible pieces of theatrical hardware; and some, though not all, of their dramatic and musical appeal came over well enough.

The producer, John Shattock, and his designer, Andrew Stubbs, had indulged in a few of these follies when sole attraction must be that no one has ever thought of committing them before. Why saddle poor Turiddu (whose music is not in the least mopey) with a pair of steel-rim spectacles that give him the air of a barrack-room lawyer? Why give Mamma Lucia a club foot? Why make Canio into a

second cycle, richly fulfilled the promise of earlier years.

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The music for "Entr'acte" is deliberately mechanical, background stuff; for a taste of the real, cool Satie we had to wait for his "Sports et Divertissements," played on the piano with a heavy hand by Antonio Badioli, but only slightly declaimed by Paolo Poli, and for an hilarious sequence of bol muzette valse and ragtime songs in which Signor Poli revealed himself as an accomplished drag disease.

In more serious vein, there was a performance at La Fenice of the newest version of Stockhausen's mammoth *Hymnen*.

The composer has here developed and reworked into a supposedly final form his by now well-known electronic treatment of the *Hymnen* (i.e. national

anthems) of the world divided into four movements called "regions." The first, second and fourth of these regions remain unchanged—except in so far as the composer's regular group have for some time been accustomed to add their own extemporisations at each hearing of the master tape.

During the first Region I wondered yet again how it is that the oscillating and distorted sounds produced by an ill-operated radio set can exert so powerful a fascination upon electronic composers, whereas to my ears (perhaps because of prolonged exposure to non-stop barracks radio during the war) they rank high among the nastiest noises in the world. In Region II the Emperor's Hymn, that indomitable Haydn tune, was subjected to some striking fragmentary treatment. Elsewhere, the *Marseillaise* and the Internationale dominated the global panorama, our own sedate anthem making only an occasional dim entry.

Then, after one of those long Italian intervals, we returned to find the full orchestra of La Fenice formally assembled on the platform for Region III, which was conducted by Stockhausen himself in an unwonted suit of tail. Electronic sounds continued to be heard through the six gigantic loud-speakers housed among the astonished cherubs of the auditorium cornice; but the fully written-out orchestral score gradually assumed predominance with a series of prolonged concords sustained against fragmentary interjections, and thereby faintly recalling the "conversational" hymn of gratitude" from Beethoven's Opus 132.

There was something naive and touching in this effect; but other reactions dissolved into tedium before the 45 minutes of the new Region were over.

## Good news

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

NEW ENGLISH WORKS were heard last week at the Birmingham and Windsor Festivals. At a time when so much critical comment has been directed to the musically phonetic because of its novelty, how pleasant to hear someone to write about works which, reactionary neither in content nor manner, are not composed solely to be different or clock up performances.

John McCabe's Second Symphony, a Feeney Trust commission given in Birmingham Town Hall (which now reeks more like a gas-works than ever) by the city's own orchestra under their very vital Louis Fremaux, contains many jagged melodies and cruel harmonies. Yet the ear gladly accepts them, because the musical gist of the work is so compelling. Its five component sections, though linked in smooth sequence, are each clearly defined in tempo, mood and colour. That is initial impulse came from "the thoroughly musical shape" (rather than the violence) of the film "The Wild Bunch" which is no less valid or topical a source of formal inspiration than the computers or *I Ching* of some contemporaries.

In John Joubert's biblical oratorio "The Raising of Lazarus," composed for this year's Triennial Festival, the City of Birmingham Choir and Orchestra under Maurice Handford were joined by Janet Baker and Ronald Dowd. Dr Joubert uses his thematic material with cogent economy, and his writing, both vocal and orchestral, is very telling. His tritonal idiom best suits the lamentations of the last scene and its simpler harmonic implications than the orchestral depiction of Lazarus' raising. On the other hand, the chorale-suite ending all three scenes is trite, though deserved even by the fundamentalist punch of the hymns of the librettist, Stephen Tunnicliffe.

"How Pleasant to Meet Mr Lear" a Windsor Festival commission by Edwin Roxburgh, sets Lear's self-portrait, five limericks and six poems (including "The Owl and the Pussycat"), it provides an amusing and elegantly scored piece for children's concerts, which Diana and Yehudi Menuhin successfully launched at a vast concourse of youngsters at the Adeph, Slough, on Thursday morning.

## Record choice

SUNDAY TIMES RECORD OF THE MONTH

RUTH HALL

● BACH/Orchestral Suites 1-4/ Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Marriner/Argo ZRG 487/8 £1.55.

IN AN unusually rich month for baroque issues, this wins by a double dot. The Academy conveys the contrasting dance moods with all the vitality, clarity and musicality that have made it the world's leading chamber orchestra. Itself largely made up of soloists in their own right, the orchestra is further strengthened by William Bennett's splendid flute-playing and the late Thurston Dart's harpsichord continuo.

★ BACH and VIVALDI/Concerti for Violin and Oboe/NPQ, Grumiaux, Hallé/Philips 6500 119 £2.30.

BAROQUE TRUMPET ANTHOLOGY/Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, Smithers, Laird/Philips 6500 110 £2.30.

ARTHUR JACOBS

● BELLINI: II Pirata. Caballé, Martí, Cappuccilli, Italian Radio-Tellevision Orchestra/Gianandrea Gavazzeni. HMV SLS 953. £7.17.

GAZZENTI'S superb conducting—when last did an orchestra seem so powerful, so eloquent in Bellini?—provides an ideal frame for Montserrat Caballé's art. She is in top form, whether in heroic resolution or in tenderly singing of her pirate-lover as if he were already dead. Bernabé Martí, Caballé's husband, is hardly her match—but he brings an admirable intensity into their soprano/tenor encounters, with Piero Cappuccilli strong-voiced as the cheated baritone rival. Extently recorded, this three-disc set is recommended even to those who like me approach Verdi's predecessors with less than idolatry.

PHILIP RADCLIFFE

● J. S. BACH: violin concertos B W V 1043. Eduard Melkus, Spires Rantes, Capella Academica Wein. Archive 2533 £2.35.

PROGRESSING retrogressively, Deutscher Grammophon have turned the clock back 250 years to Kotzen, less taut strings and the 12-piece band. From the opening of the D minor there is surprising weight and colour for so small an ensemble. The Andante of the A major is very measured, shorn of the fine lower strings. But it is Side 3 and the E major and especially the Allegro, that yield the full pleasure. Rich sound, jazzy bowing beautifully judged interplay of solo and tutti.

COLIN TILNEY

● DVORAK: Piano Trios, no. 1 in B flat, op. 21; no. 2 in G minor, op. 26/Beechams Iris/Philips/LY802 916 £2.30.

APFTER Schubert, Dvorak must be the best chamber music First Steps in the business. These trios are full of singable tunes, dance rhythms of every sort and a sheer variety of invention that, for instance, Brahms never came anywhere near. Beethoven's "Pastoral" is wonderfully idiomatic. In particular Menschens Preissler, the pianist, has an amazing ear for colour, but all three (and the engineers) have made an exceptional record. Warmly recommended.

GILLIAN WIDDICOMBE

● MUSIC OF THE CRUSADES: Early Music Consort/David Munrow/Argo ZRG 673 £2.40.

FASHION for the plaintive songs, skittish rhythms and ready instruments of the Middle Ages is deliciously rated by David Munrow's latest record. These are secular songs interspersed with a few purely of French origin; typical of medieval traditions in general, rather than any dominant Eastern influences. Munrow collects together those that refer to the Crusades, shortens and arranges them with sensitivity and precision; another hour of lost musical language brought brilliantly to life by his consort of perfectionist performers.

I. W. LAMBERT

● MAHLER: Lieder a fahrenden Gesellen/Kinderotenlieder/Hermann Prey, Concertgebouw, Haifa/Philips 4500 100 £2.30.

HAPPILY there is no such thing as the definitive performance of any piece of music. Many fine earlier recordings of these two cycles still exist. Some will feel that in this one the voice is too far back, the orchestra too much in the background, the balance not quite right. The Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen open for my taste too slowly, but Hallink and Prey lead on in a most moving unified manner. The children's songs, and the resignation of the close; and in the Kinderotenlieder jointly achieve—what shall I call it?—a disciplined, piercing numbness.

FELIX APRAHAMIAN

● MARTIN: Petite Symphonie Concertante; ROUSSET: Sinfonietta; TOTELIER: Offrande; Paul Tortelier/London Chamber Orchestra/Unicorn UBS 233. £1.60.

THE ONLY recording now available of a perennially fresh twentieth-century masterpiece, the Swiss Franz Martin's not-so-little Symphonie Concertante, harp and piano with double string orchestra, compels attention. Besides which, Tortelier's reading is as ardent and inexorable as the music dictates. The Martin overshadows his own orchestra, though his heavy-chord Sinfonietta and the cellist-conductor's own Offrande (a Beethoven homage borrowing appropriate themes). His spoken affirmation of a tonal faith completes an unusual, finely recorded and strongly recommended issue.

## Dr. PHIBES

"Fantastically ghoulish caper splendidly produced."

Ernest Borgnine—The People



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## CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF

Carter is a Painter's Cat by Carolyn Sloan (Longman Young Books £1.10). The sharp impact of wit and colour in Fritz Wegner's pictures provides a suitable complement to a neat tale of a cat created differently each day of the week. The simple joke is skilfully well executed in a picture-book deserving a wide range of readers and lookers.

The Erie Canal Illustrated by Peter Spletzer (World's Work £1.20). Thomas Alcott's robust folksong of 1812 evokes entrancingly crowded pictures as the Small Hope is towed by mules from Albany to Buffalo in the early 1850s. Wharfs and warehouses and backwaters, roads, hills for distance, even the people gesticulating, gossipping, running, eating—endless delight for absolutely anyone.

Richard's McCloud Cows by P. D. Pemberton (Faber 95p). Nine-year-old Richard enjoys building up an imaginary milking herd with naval-style names but the grown-ups, lacking any clue to his private world, are at a loss to his eccentricities till Magnolia's calving makes all clear. Quiet humour, an affectionate eye for small-boy behaviour, a crisp, pointed style: seven up.

If I Were an Atom: If I Were an Electron; If I Were Radioactive; If I Met a Molecule, all by Noel Wilson. Graphics by Raymond Smith (Hutchinson Headstart Science series £1 each). No protest about "humanism" here please. A child meets principles of physics and chemistry in these books will not be given false ideas by the rainbow-coloured balloon men or by the similes used in the text. From Australia, an exciting and graphic account of plain accurate fact: seven up.

The Little Broomstick by Mary Stewart (Brockhampton 95p). Shades of Mafsedine in an exhilarating contest between powerful witchery and a boy and girl who step in where no one else dares to tread. Mary Stewart has obviously enjoyed adapting (not lowering) her thriller-technique to junior fantasy and reveals an engaging wit in the process.

Tales and Legends retold by Jennifer Westwood (Rupert Hart-Davis £1.50). Elegantly produced, beautifully illustrated by Pauline Baynes, this collection brings together medieval ballads and carols, local legends, romances and widespread tales of magic and mystery enshrined in opera, drama, story, good notes on sources. Snoggle by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann £1.40). The Hooper children, who hid Snoggle from gull-happy adults, guess the poly-poly creature was a pet of superior beings as invisible as their visitors, snoggle. Satire and adventure mix in a domestic adventure which comments wryly on human stupidity.

Toby Tyler by James Otto (Collins Classics for Today, £1.25). A small boy runs away to join a circus, finds life hard, wins back to his trusting parents. Captain Hazzard as editor has removed "some of the gags, the risqué and quite a few of Toby's sobs and tears" from this American classic of the Eighties but still the rattling good tale with its Dickensian characters and rich emotion is splendidly of its period.

The Strangers by Ann Schlee (Macmillan £1.25). A Frenchman and Cavalier in 1648 but with a difference. A fisherman and his daughter on Royalist Tresco in the Scillies are caught up in the fortunes of Lady Melchett and her young son, who can only escape abroad if they can find the gold deposited for them earlier. Domestic historical fiction at its best, well-documented, human and humane.

The French Lieutenant by Richard Cawthron (Heinemann, £1.25). This "ghost story" shows how a boy of fourteen learns to communicate with people partly because of the elusive but persistent echoes of an old tragedy. Speaks directly to the young but with the full virtues of a lucid style.

John Ryan Southall (Angus and Robertson £1.25). Exploring his origins in a remote township, fourteen-year-old Joss finds that the Pioneers of Ryan Creek have left their descendant a problem or two, not least the special local attitude to him. John Ryan Southall, constantly enlarging the scope of junior novels, has beaten out an extraordinarily compelling prose for a book which I think is his best so far.

Margery Fisher

"THE BOOK arose out of lectures to medical and dental students at the beginning of their studies." Fortunate patients, whose dentist, poised over the drill, can prattle of androgens and antigens, black-box experiments and blastopores, cines and clones, pulsars and polymers, valency and zygoma, or tell us the number of enzymes in *Escherichia coli*." Host to a series of phages—or the constituents of Haldane's soup (a "probabilistic soup of amino-acids, ribose, four purine and pyrimidine bases, and a source of high-energy phosphate").

Since the Wells/Huxley "science of life" made biology and kindred sciences available to the studious middlebrow I know of no book so lucid, informative, well balanced and intellectually unflappable as Professor Young's modestly named *Introduction to the Study of Man*. I say "modestly": but in fact it ranges over such subjects as the origin of the galaxy, of earth and life, the evolution of culture, speech, the cell and the brain, the measurement of intelligence, the population problem (about which he is hopeful), consciousness, senescence, the chemical elements in man, the DNA, the sexual drives, centres, stimuli, activities and response of men and mammals. There are also discussions of the spring of human action, aggression and co-operation, and of the tools of science, the search for order, general propositions, exact observation.

What can knowledge of the brain tell us?" "What repairs the repairer of the repairer?" "We learn more about physics and chemistry or about other parts of the body?" "What does about the mechanism that acquires this knowledge?" For this reason Professor Young, whose work on the brain has long been famous (know thyself means "Know the brain"), devotes particularly long and detailed sections to the study of infancy, in which the brain develops its skills, the body grows, and which he defines in his glossary as "the conditions of maintaining a constant organisation in spite of continuous interchange with the surroundings," and which he regards as the hallmark of existence.

Though he accepts the "big bang" theory of the origin of the universe and states the Haldane-Bernal belief in the randomness of the origins of life in some such favourable environment as Haldane's soup subjected to an almost infinite number of experiments to produce an enzyme. Professor Young is not an iconoclast. He spells "deity" with a capital; he admits that there is much we

can learn from the "universe" which is central to his thinking, and which he defines in his glossary as "the conditions of maintaining a constant organisation in spite of continuous interchange with the surroundings," and which he regards as the hallmark of existence.

All this activity is directed towards the end of preservation of the individual during his life span, and ultimately of the species: the capacity for maintenance of continuity or homeostasis is the central, characteristic feature of life. There are also discussions of the characteristics of human life are the activities by which human continuity is maintained.

Repairing (until the repair systems wear out) and reproduction are therefore of paramount importance, but two quotations will give the measure of Professor Young's profound humanity and optimistic wisdom.

The essence of living is thus not to be found in any one population or species but is dispersed

## The proper study

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MAN by J Z Young/Oxford  
66 pp 71s

### CYRIL CONNOLLY

do not know and possibly will never know.

Truly we are ignorant of the pattern of the universe. Yet we learn more every year. . . . Our desire for uniformity compels us to ask whether there is any connection between the rules governing universal events and those on earth, including our own origins. Human enquiry has not proceeded sufficiently to allow physics to provide any clear answer.

The origins of life admits four possibilities. Did life arise by migration from some other body? Was it produced by a life-force of supernatural origin? Do the laws that control the matter of the universe contain factors which dictated the necessity for life to begin? Can we show that life may have arisen by the operation of forces known to operate in the terrestrial physical world?

It seems likely that it will be found that life arose spontaneously from the operations of conditions prevalent upon the early earth. It is for this reason that we turn to us the source from which this order was derived.

To understand Professor Young we must learn the "universe," which is central to his thinking, and which he defines in his glossary as "the conditions of maintaining a constant organisation in spite of continuous interchange with the surroundings," and which he regards as the hallmark of existence.

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through all the different types of life in existence on the earth. We are just able to recognise that all men are brothers. Should we not go much further and proceed on the assumption that we are all one flesh, not only with all animals but with all plants, fungi and bacteria, as well—the same code of triplets of bases is used to define the proteins of all organisms. We are indeed one flesh. But, as Lorenz points out, "We cannot love all our brothers indiscriminately; we can feel the full, warm emotion of friendship and love only for individuals and the utmost exertion of will-power cannot alter this fact."

"Mankind" for Professor Young is a collection of individuals, he does not sacrifice the one for the good of the species. "Each man, woman or child in his skin and with his brain, is a very real unit of homeostatic control."

Hence the importance, which he fully recognises, of our children's development and our own death. His book is interlaced with innumerable tables, some easy, some very difficult to follow. Thus we can see that although we have acquired so many diseases we have only created half as many life by three or four years, and the number of centenarians remains constant. "The best way to attain old age is to have old parents."

We are like packs of cards; some

are worn and frayed, and

spotted, others crisp and clean,

but for all alike the rubbers end

at the same time and we are

gathered up and put back in the

drawer, with or without a pos-

ter-mortem. "Death is essential to life."

As Strehler puts it, the

changes of senescence are (1)

gradual, (2) harmful, and (3)

universal "in all metazoans ex-

cept those that are clones, e.g.

sea anemones." Nor can "crypto-

biosis" help us much. Though

the seed of the lotus germinates

after 2000 years, "suspended

animation" (a hamster has been

frozen for 45 minutes) is no sub-

stitute for life. And when we

could be living, most of us are

daydreaming, pining, poring, snor-

ing or adding up small sums of money.

Let us turn to the child. He learns to talk between the ages of 18 and 28 months with universal regularity. But, as Dr Connolly has pointed out, speech is an anticlimax. Before a child can say "money," "boredom" and "it's not fair," he has undergone a whole cycle of sights and sounds and smells and tactile values. Instead of testing speech responses there is much to be done in tabulating his responses to music, the age at which he can distinguish tunes or begins to dance and sing, the song a monotonous chant like a whale's, the dance a bear-like lumbering or lumbering. From what memory-bank does he draw the experience? (As Humphrey said, "Nothing leaves less trace in history than sound-waves"—so to turn to cave-paintings and prehistoric art.) Baboons in zoos give a characteristic bark when surrounding a dead individual. Rituals and dances leave few or no remains. Signs of religious belief (shrines and temples) are only 10,000 years old, but burials appear as much as 25,000 years ago, about the same time as the first carvings of animals or women, in mammoth ivory. The Venus of Willendorf is about 18,000 years old. Writing is 3,500 BC. Interior decoration was born in paleolithic times. "Pornography has a long and honourable history in the genesis of art."

If anything is more sacred to Professor Young than everything else, it is DNA: "the unit of inherited information," the code of instructions which take the body through growth, and to which Crick and Watson supplied the key. DNA is a book of rules in one sense but it is of enormous complexity.

All of us use the same genetic code to make proteins of similar types. The instructions for all life-forms are written in similar languages. If we assume 2,000 letters to a page then the instructions for a virus would occupy 10 pages; those for a bacterium a book of 2,500 pages, and those for a man 1,700 books of 100 pages each.

This gives us an idea of the tremendous complexity of life and also warns us of the enormous difficulties that face us if we wish to know the human genetics fully. With Professor Young we may be nearly always out of our depth, but we know that we will not be shipwrecked. He will bring us, after 700 pages of biochemistry, safely home again.

## Heir to the Pharaohs

NASSER: A Political Biography by Robert Stephens/Allen Lane

The Penguin Press £4.75 pp 635

DAVID HOLDEN

IT IS NOW just a year since Gamal Abdul Nasser died of a heart attack, and the vainglorious memoirs and biographies are in full flow. What is immediately apparent about them at any rate to anyone who has followed the affairs of the Middle East with much attention in recent years is how little they reveal about the man and his career that is genuinely new.

Even the revelations of his former commandant and unofficial spokesman, Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, now being serialised in The Sunday Telegraph, are essentially tit-bits so far. They fill in the picture with gossip and "inside" reporting, but they do little to reassess—or to inspire a re-assessment—or a man whose life work has already been copiously recorded in word and deed, and whose motivations have been fairly exhaustively, if sometimes inconclusively, discussed. I doubt, moreover, if we shall see many more significant revelations in the future. Conspiracy theories of Nasser as the puppet of the Russians, or the minister of the Machiavellian, world-conqueror, is a vast plot to get the Western powers out of the Middle East. Are we not likely to find factual support from "secret" files? They have rarely been taken seriously by people familiar with the Arab scene; and as time goes by the weight of evidence appears to be ever more conclusively against them.

But we provides the indispensable context without which not only Nasser but many other nationalist leaders of our time can be—and frequently are—hideously misinterpreted in the western world. In a general way he sees Nasser reflecting "the experience and outlook of underprivileged colonial man" attempting to "escape the humiliation of backwardness and weakness, to catch up against overwhelming odds." Specifically he places him in an Egypt that for over 2,000 years had known nothing but colonial rule and that for a century-and-a-half before he seized power had been treated by Europe as a mere appendage.

In short, says Mr Stephens, whatever his follies, what Nasser was about was the recovery of dignity. It is not an original verdict—but then, as I have remarked, there is not much original still to be said about Nasser. What Mr Stephens has done is to present us with the evidence to support the verdict in as sober, well-organised and comprehensive a way as we are likely to get for some years to come.

## H. E. Bates The Blossoming World

Following the success of The Vanished World this second volume of autobiography takes us from the publication of his first novel, THE TWO SISTERS, in 1926 when he was only twenty, to his commission into the RAF in 1941 where he was to become known as Flying Officer 'X'.

Thirty years ago *The Observer* wrote: "He makes us hear the

voice of the countryside that is the real England, the England of field and wood and riverbank, of well-loved bird and beast, of trees and flowers and ancient lore, of human people, their lives and their laughter."

It is as true today as it was then.

Illustrated by John Ward £2.50

Michael Joseph

## London ends

**GIRL, 20** by Kingsley Amis/Cape £1.50  
**THE NERVE** by Melvyn Bragg/Secker & Warburg £1.90

## JEREMY BROOKS

I KNOW a painter on whose studio wall is scrawled the injunction, "ELEVATE YOUR RENEGADES". There's something to be said for it, as long as it means recognising and using one's deepest convictions as the moral fulcrum of one's work. The result, which is a simple withdrawal of sympathy, though it makes life easier for the artist, ultimately leads to mental fossilisation. It used to be one of Kingsley Amis' strengths as a comic writer that he never shrank from laying himself on the line; but in his new novel, *Girl, 20*, the targets are so many, the prejudices so unthorough, the lack of focus leaves the major targets almost unscathed. This is a pity, because the target in question is a delightful creation and worthy of some accurate sniping.

The enigmatic title is a reference to a man who "couldn't read 'Girl, 20'" in a small ad column without getting a hand on. Sir Roy Vandervest, 50-year-old composer/conductor, darling of the concert hall and fashionable Left Wing TV pundit, is balefully aware that he needs something more than a magic phrase to turn him on. His current sexual stimulant is a seventeen-year-old savage whose cultivated uncouthness seems, in the narrator's eyes, to be a common factor among "the young" whose approval Sir Roy so sedulously and ridiculously courts.

This narrator, Douglas, a music critic of strictly limited artistic sympathies, is one of those randy, selfish, crusty figures who occupy a central position in most Amis novels. In the course of watching Sir Roy destroy his family and ruin his musical reputation in pursuit (in both senses) of "the young", Douglas displays a rich and varied treasury of prejudices with true Amis brio. His age is given as thirty-four—quite unbelievable. If this is an attempt to disengage narrator from author,

## A PAGE OF THE LATEST FICTION



Kingsley Amis: caustic wit

Milovan Djilas: great storyteller



Melvyn Bragg: precise tenderness

V.S. Naipaul: fascinating adventure



Jack Lynn: careful and convincing

Paul Scott: dramatic watershed



Pierre Salinger: clearly authentic

Paul Gallico: washed in sunshine

## First families

**THE PROFESSOR** by Jack Lynn/Allison and Busby £1.80  
**FOR THE EYES OF THE PRESIDENT ONLY** by Pierre Salinger  
Collins £2

## FRANK GILES

HERE are two examples, both novels of American scenario. The first is a story of how a conscientious and family-loving New York academic becomes so deeply involved with the Mafia that in the end his career and his family happiness lie in ruins. The second, by President Kennedy's one-time Press Secretary, describes an imaginary world crisis which occurs at the time of the 1976 US Presidential elections, in which the President, himself, a candidate for re-election, is faced with a situation analogous to that which confronted President Kennedy in 1962 over the issue of Soviet missiles in Cuba.

Mr Lynn's book is both the shorter of the two and the more fun to read. It may not be admiringly, even affectionately, written, but its careful and convincing descriptions seem to ring true, and the narrative power is well sustained as we watch the hapless Professor sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of blackmail, corruption and violence.

The scenario does not, however, nudge credibility of motives. It is impossible to believe that this upright and self-reliant man knowingly destroyed his prospects because it excited him to "move with a noble purpose in a world of total corruption, danger and even death." Despite this, the picture of the worthy Professor coaching the children of the Mafia leaders and opening their eyes to higher things leaves an uneniably good, all-American, taste in the mouth.

The Mafia also come into Mr Salinger's book, along with a great many other disparate elements — South American

politics, Chinese strategy, the Washington scene, the struggle for the White House. Mr Salinger's canvas is far too big and carries too much paint when the plot is comprehensible when it is frequently over-complex, when it is not it is inevitably opaque.

This is a pity, because his White House and Washington scene-setting is clearly authentic, as it should be, given Mr Salinger's past. (Is the story on page 26 true—that the only time the special telephone which President Kennedy would have used to order nuclear attack rang was when some anonymous outside caller was trying, as he explained to an anxious President, to reach a French laundry?)

Despite its shortcoming as a novel, however, this book does bring out two of the major limitations — some would say handicaps — with which an American President, the most powerful man in the Western world, has to contend. The first is the media's insatiable desire to ring true, and the narrative power is well sustained as we watch the hapless Professor sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire of blackmail, corruption and violence.

The second limitation, for a man of the responsibilities of a modern US President, is a Presidential election every four years, when the Chief Executive has to bid for the popular vote for himself and his party at the same time as continuing to exercise what should be wise control over the mightiest institution in the Western defence and intelligence system. The result, if not always as spectacular as the one described in this book, tends to be what one of the characters, a Senior State Department official, admirably summarises when he says: "we'll go right on doing the thing we can, not the thing we should."

## Action all the way

**THE ZOO GANG** by Paul Gallico/Heinemann £1.80  
**THE SUNS OF BADARANE** by Pierre Laver/Macdonald £2.25

## PHILIP NORMAN

PAUL GALLICO has invented a hero in *The Zoo Gang*. He is Colonel Roquebrun. In the French Resistance he was known as The Fox; now, he is a disguised antique dealer on the Côte d'Azur. He and his old Dauquis brothers, known anachronistically as the Tiger, the Elephant, the Leopard and the Wolf, reunite to intercept—and indeed often massacre—any criminals who threaten the ordinary touristic sharpness of his coastline to which Mr Gallico himself so conservatively attached.

It is slightly irritating that, on its dust-cover, the book seems to masquerade as a novel. In fact it holds one short story and three long. Why should it matter? The book is by a good writer, not such a common thing these days, and waspish in oily sue and resounding at times with the romantic names of the French detective agencies. At one priceless moment the Zoo Gang hijacks a shipment of drugs concealed under a Nice carnival float, then in a disused opera house they eliminate the Seven Dwarfs who are unpacking it. You'll love

that. And every hero must have his stooge; in this case the dear, small Captain Scoubidou of the local constabulary, much of whose time is spent practically weeping with admiration.

The Sun of Badarane is exceptional for being adventure told in dialogue. We are happily spared, therefore, The Cruel Sun, The Merciless, Arival Blows of Heat, etc. Barbara Wright's translation is full of enthusiasm for what appears to have been particularly strong French writing. The book is about as so much the predicament of a group of mercenaries attempting to defend a desert fort, as the variety and invention of the curses they employ.

The result is a very funny book. Bloodshed, head-sticking and gouging are, at last, preposterous occupations. Here too are a shout of malevolent spirits and a peculiar atmosphere: fifty men eating the good cuisine which mercenaries somehow contrive to obtain. It matters little that, after some chapters, characters become indistinguishable—the true-life scum would as well.

## A magnificent story

**UNDER THE COLORS** by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croat by Lovett F Edwards/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich £3.10 pp 557  
**IN A FREE STATE** by V.S. Naipaul/Andre Deutsch £1.75  
**THE TOWERS OF SILENCE** by Paul Scott/Heinemann £2.75  
**THE DISINHERITED** by Peter Forster/Eyre & Spottiswoode £2.25

## JOHN WHITLEY

MIOVAN DJILAS must be one of the great storytellers of our time: for all the five hundred pages of his rambling novel *Under the Colors* he carries the reader with him, without giving any explanation of the history or geography of his story and precious little of the Turkish and Serb words that buzz like accented wasps on every page.

The place is the Balkans, the time about a hundred years ago. The Turkish dictatorship is slowly being rolled back by the ferocious Serbian warriors of the young state of Montenegro led by Miljan Yukov and supported by the Orthodox Powers. But between as ever, are caught the little people, in particular those around the Southern garrison town of Plav, and it is to the Turkish torturer here that Anto, the chieftain of the Radak clan, is taken for interrogation. This opening scene of the book catches the whole atmosphere of imperial brutality: the Turks know, and Anto knows, that their rule is ended but torturer and tortured go through the ritual of oppression out of habit.

It is a marvellously written prison scene, full of provoking meditations on the nature of God and of pain, which draws presumably on Djilas' own experiences as well as having a present-day relevance, and ends with a broken Anto returning to his village to preach forgiveness for the Turks. But in his absence the clan has already split between rebels and pacifiers, the former under Gzur, Anto's eldest son, who eventually leads the village into battle against some Turkish terrorists and so has to flee to the Montenegrin army; the book ends with that army's defeat before Plav itself, a magnificent and imposing short story of an English tramp aboard a Mediterranean steamer and the final coda, in which the narrator intervenes to stop tourists persecuting Egyptian beggarchildren. No answer is given (except perhaps that it is intolerable that certain people, the tramp, Bobby, the Egyptian children, should embrace their humiliation), but the problem is posed in such a forceful and immediate way that the book is totally absorbing.

In Paul Scott's *The Towers of Silence* it is the approach of the second European war that makes the decay of the British Empire evident to the officers and wives in the hill station of Parrot; and their thoughts turn immediately to Amritsar where in 1919 rebellious natives were shot without mercy. But, undermined by the "new ideas" from *Home*, even the most peppy and unpromising major can only bluster and eventually the army of the Raj marches off knowing that the way of life it is fighting for is already condemned.

Mr Scott makes a good deal of this dramatic social watershed but his regimental characters seem thin ghosts from the past, their preoccupations less solid than in the earlier books of his Indian series; unreal beside their *Other Ranks* in Brian Aldiss' *Soldier Erect*. He is much more successful with his main character, Barbara, a retired mission teacher who comes to the station to live with a lonely and rich widow: their relationship and its ultimate failure is most delicately conveyed and so is lower-class Barbara's position vis-à-vis the snobbish regiments — a saudily forgivingness which ultimately drives her mad.

Few writers could so easily and convincingly convey the depths of the two cultures as they clash, the ineradicable love of the soil that inspires the one and the sense of imperial destiny that drives on the other. Evidently there are many modern parallels to be drawn from this book, above all the duty of resistance, but it is a timeless work, to be read with anguish and with gratitude.

V.S. NAIPAUL is also concerned with empire in decline: the preoccupation of his in *A Free State* is with the humiliations that breed so fruitfully in such a situation. The main part of this "sequence novel" is a veritable seesaw of humiliations. It takes place during a two-day drive across a Central African state, newly independent, by a disparate European couple: Bobby, a young, resentful, homosexual bureaucrat, and Linda, the waspish but lightweight man-eating wife of a colleague. As Bobby drives them home from the capital, through the extraordinary landscape and past its no less extraordinary inhabitants, rumours come and go of a battle between the president and the old king, a background of actual violence which follows them like a thunderstorm.

And as they drive along their dusty conversations are one long contest of put-downs—about the scenery, about rudimentary aesthetics about personality—in which Linda is an easy victor, for Bobby, as he himself realises,

culminate in the ramming of the American craft and the slaughter of her man on the moon.

Anyone who enjoyed *Advice and Consent* will find this latest derivation a tedious disappointment.

The first book was unreal and highly coloured, but things happened in it. The reader could wallow in easy entertainment. In this book, until the improbable dénouement, nothing whatever appears to happen apart from the movement of cardboard characters—the perfect Flash-Gordon astronaut, the paranoid negro, the all-wise President, the Red Labour leader—within predestined emotional clichés.

The unceasing with which Mr Drury seeks to put over this political view seems to have damaged his fictive powers. The message quite overwhelms the story. The first 400 pages revolve interminably around one political motif—the silly clamour to put a Negro on the crew. The last 200 deploy a second—Russia's evil intentions, which

The space programme is not quite so boring as Mr Drury manages to make it, nor are the people in it so predictable.

The last 200 pages are the most fun to read, the most fun to write.

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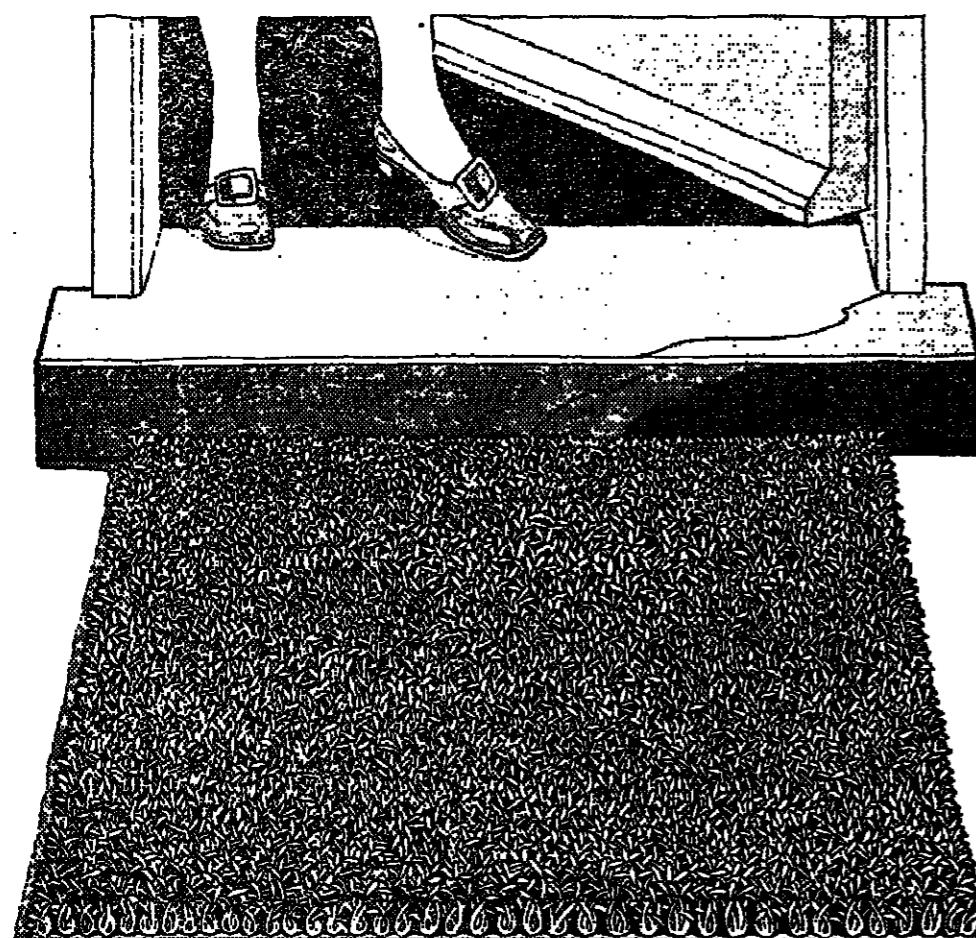
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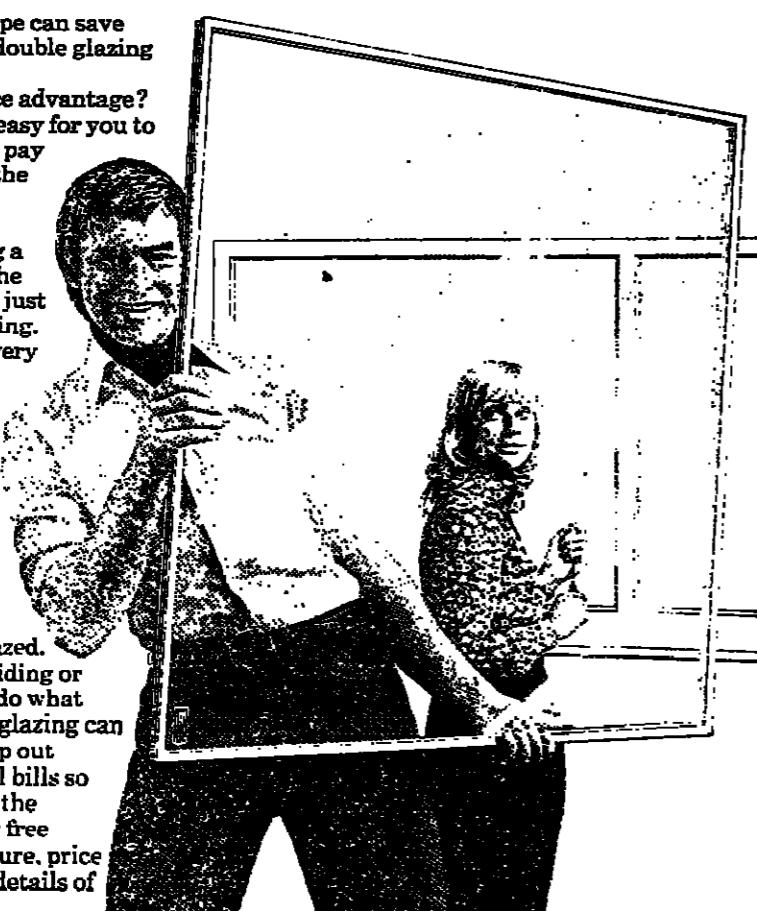
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Member of the Insulation Glazing Association.

# LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

**I**F YOU HAVE any views on abortion, by all means pass them on to Mrs Justice Lane's Committee on the Working of the Abortion Act. The committee naturally are most interested in comments from women who have actually had an abortion, although it should be remembered that the committee are not there to recommend changes in the grounds for an abortion. Write to the secretary, Mr R. P. S. Hughes, Room A407, Alexander Fleming House, London, SE1.

**L**EVER BROTHERS are about to relaunch Persil with a new formula. Ever since they started in 1909 they've been brand leaders, that is apart from the brief reign of the detergents.

Persil has played a significant and enduring role in the history of advertising. The new campaign will feature a group of happy, dirty little boys—the champion dirt collectors." As the drawing shows, the approach in the twenties was more genteel.

*The afternoon concert  
and the washing done*



**D**ENTAL STUDENTS at University College Hospital carried out a research project to discover what sort of dentist patients liked. Patients were asked if they preferred a man or a woman, old or young, whether

Ivor Spencer, secretary of the

## Ten Commandments for the Annual Dinner

**T**HIS TIME next month my husband and I, if you will pardon the expression, will be attending our Annual Official Function. That is to say we will be donning our somewhat mothballed soups-and-fish, hiring a mini-cab and joining 500 other couples at a large West End hotel where an army of waiters, cued by hidden signals, will serve us with the standard halibut-in-white-sauce, roast turkey-with-duchesse-potatoes and cheese souffle, followed by toastmasters' announcements, speeches from the Top Table and a bit of genteel dancing to Jo Boggis and his Orchestra.

From long experience in the role of Lady Guest I have observed that very few of the couples, married or otherwise, are on speaking terms by the end of the evening. The Annual Marital Row following the Annual Official Function is part of the British way of life.

As a result of my studies I have drawn up Ten Commandments for Husbands Attending Official Functions which women may care to leave about in a prominent place such as the loo or the front seat of the car a day or so before the evening of the event.

If closely followed, I guarantee that for the first time post-functional recriminations and tight-lipped silences will disappear.

1. Thou shalt not disappear into

they minded a dentist with a beard, long hair, and so on.

UCH have decided not to make the results of the survey public. Cynics at the hospital believe this is because it showed that no patient liked any dentist of any kind.

**A** MEMBER of Look! had a knock on the door last week and found an official-looking person on the doorstep whispering. What with the roaring traffic and the hand cupped over his mouth, the message wasn't getting across. Only when he'd stepped into the hall were normal communications restored: "I'VE COME," he said quite distinctly. "TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR MICE." So there is some delicacy left in this world. In Mayfair at least they don't go yelling it to the neighbours that your house is infested with vermin.

What to do if it doesn't work (and it doesn't always work, certainly not for ever): buy a cat.

What to do if you're too poor to buy a cat: have a word with Social Security who will give you an allowance. We know a girl who lives by Hampstead Heath and is allowed 20p a week for each of her two cats, both necessary apparently in that part of the world.

And if you can prove the necessity, you can always get your cat set against tax, which is a nice touch for those who like to screw the last penny from the Inland Revenue.

**M**ISS GRENADA may have been opted out of this year's Miss World contest (remember that little trouble last year when she won, and the Premier of the country happened to be one of the judges?) and Jilly Cooper, one of the judges at the Miss United Kingdom contest, may never want to look at another catwalk again, but there's hope yet for lovers of true beauty.

Ivor Spencer, secretary of the

Guild of Professional Toastmasters, is starting a Miss Natural Beauty contest. Sensible clothes, no make-up, no false aids and no high heels which bear out the theory that the pressure underneath a stilette is equal to four elephants standing on top of each other, the bottom jumbo being on one foot.

Ivor deplores the fading of the English rose, but says he's sure the species still exists and he intends to find her, between 17-21 years of age. The judges would be painters and sculptors and people like Harry Wheatcroft, who after all knows a good rose when she sees one.

The idea came to Ivor while attending a society wedding in London, when a noble lord was heard to murmur: "I doubt if the bridegroom will recognise his lovely bride in the morning."

*Tomb it may concern  
Burial  
Not to be undertaken lightly*

**Graeme Brinsley Carter**

*If two live wires touch  
do they earth each other?  
or just fuse?*

**Ossie Phillips**

*be seated behind a pillar with  
those thou feelest to be thy  
interiors.*

9. Thou shalt not, immediately upon the words "Take your partners" disappear in the direction of the gents, leaving thy lady to wait for half an hour in the company of the sales manager who is still stuck at the 14th hole.

10. Thou shalt not, on returning unsteadily to the table, announce that thou art unable to take the floor owing to a sudden attack of lumbargia. Neither shalt thou finally drag thy partner from her seat with the words "Come on then, woman, let's get it over."

Should your husband read these rules carefully and agree to abide by at least half of them, I think you should give it another chance and get your Annual Function Dress out of the back of the cupboard. Should he, however, snort and throw the offending document into the waste paper basket, I suggest you cut your losses and announce on the morning of the party that you have suddenly been attacked by a mysterious bug and that you feel it would be anti-social to spread the infection.

After he's gone you can take a carefully secreted bottle of champagne out of the fridge and spend a quiet evening at home with the telly. Both you and your marriage will feel a lot better in the morning.

**Evelyn Torlesse**

## CHEAPEST STRIPES AROUND:

jolly jumpers, 15 of them for under £3—Back view: (left to right): Lightweight round-necked sweater by Peter London, £2.95. Blue denim flares, £4.95. Big felt beret by Edward Mann, £3.

Polo-necked ribbed wool sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

Two-tone brushed cotton denim jeans, £5.50. Felt pull-on hat by Edward Mann, £2.50.

Round-necked wool jumper, £1.75 from major branches of British Home Stores. Heavy cotton striped jeans, £4.95. Crochet cap by Edward Mann, £1.50. Stunning soft leather gloves with striped insets and beautiful colours. Designed by Mog for Hamdon Glare Co., £4.90. Available by mail order from them at Stoke sub-Hamdon, Somerset (Marlott 2219).

Thick-knit wool V-necked cardigan with striped front by Elam, £2.95. Worn under thick crochet wool tank-top by John Craig, £2.50.

Round-necked grannyish long-sleeved thin jumper by Dorothy Perkins, £1.95. Worn under thick crochet wool tank-top by John Craig, £2.50.

Thick-knit wool roll-collar long-sleeved sweater by Elam, £1.95. Worn under sleeveless pullover by Dorothy Perkins, £1.75.

Round-necked ribbed skinny sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

Peter London, £2.95. Tough denim flares with two back pockets, £4.95. Felt helmet by Edward Mann, £2.50.

Thick polo-necked sweater with striped back by Elam, £2.49. Multi-colour striped jeans, patch back pockets, £4.95. Wool beret by Edward Mann, £2.50.

Front view (left to right):

Fine long-sleeved striped sweater. Worn under thick-knit short-sleeved scoop-necked cardigan, both by John Craig, £1.95. Acrylic roll-neck long-sleeved sweater by Elam, £1.95. Worn under acrylic sleeveless short vest by John Craig, £1.50.

Round-necked grannyish long-sleeved thin jumper by Dorothy Perkins, £1.95. Worn under thick crochet wool tank-top by John Craig, £2.50.

Thick-knit wool roll-collar long-sleeved sweater by Elam, £1.95. Worn under sleeveless pullover by Dorothy Perkins, £1.75.

Round-necked ribbed skinny sweater by John Craig, £2.90.

**If women only dirty  
one dish in three—  
why do they have  
to do all the  
washing up?**

There's no justice in this man's world. Hence (we suppose) Women's Lib. Start your Liberation Movement at home, by agitating for a dishwasher. It's high time British women had them. Their American and Continental sisters have in far greater numbers. And not just any dishwasher either. A Colston. Because it's the best—though not by any means the most pricey. Never let it be said that women are irresponsible. In all the plus points—quiet turbo-jet wash action, immaculate wash, sparkling dry, no breakages, prompt service—Colston comes top.

Fire the first shot in the name of Freedom!

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To Colston Appliances Ltd., Dept. ST4/4, High Wycombe, Bucks.

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68 page book free inside  
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Straight-talking, up-to-date, comprehensive guide to the new sexual etiquette. All the problems besetting the Private You, the Public You and the Libidinal You. The Puzzled You will find it helpful and compulsive.

As for the rest of *Vanity Fair*, it rivets you with sight-searing plaid, sensuous fabrics, the scents and sounds of beauty, and the soft touch of *Fashion Workshop's* fury outlook. And whilst we're being

sensuous, we take a close look at that mysterious sixth sense.

Then there's the jacket success of the season—high-piled and handsome in colour.

Borg with a beret to match—exclusive to you at £4.95.

Of course there's more in October *Vanity Fair*—but see for yourself tomorrow. On sale everywhere at only 15p.

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**Distressed Gentlefolk's  
Aid Association,  
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Vicarage Gate,  
Kensington, London, W.8.**

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flowers

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## Ballet Shoes, still dancing 40 years on...

# LOOK!

and all the other Streiffeld characters who are as real to them as their own families. They also ask lots of questions about herself, which is why the third volume of her autobiography Beyond the Vicarage (Collins, £2) was published last week.

Miss Streiffeld in the flesh is very unmonumental, as astringent and down-to-earth in conversation as she is in her writing. She sits on a brocade sofa in her little Belgravia maisonette, smoking a cigarette in an intriguing holder which is ringed round a well-manicured finger. Every volume of her autobiography is called after the vicarage in which she grew up and haunts her to the extent that she has to steal herself to enter any vicarage to this day. Life in the vicarage before the First World War was muted and repressive and Noel was always the rebel in the family.

"On Sundays we all had to learn the collect for the day before breakfast and at breakfast we had to recite it and then we were asked the catechism and I was always bottom because the first question was 'What is your name, M or N?' and my name was Mary Noel so I always said 'Both.'

"My birthday was Christmas Eve, which is why I was called Noel, and nobody seemed to realise that this meant I only got half the presents and half the cake than any of the other children. Instead they said 'What a lucky girl to share the birthday of our Lord,' in hushed voices. My dear, you've never heard a hushed voice until you'd heard them."

When she escaped, she escaped properly, travelling round the world as an actress and relishing the gaiety of the Twenties and Thirties. When family circumstances changed and she decided to write for a living, the only way she could resist the invitations which disrupted her work was to stay in bed and write, which she still does.

She's writing another novel for children and a book about



Noel Streiffeld: novel after novel written in bed

about her health and making a stern effort to keep up to date and see lots of young people.

One thing she has noticed in 40 years writing for children is that children have hardly changed at all. She still gets exactly the same letters as she did then and she disagrees strongly with the current belief that children want to read about people like themselves, and not about wealthy middle-class families in big houses and boarding schools.

"I tell you what children would really like to know about," she says, from a lifetime's experience. "Not about themselves, they'd really like the inside story of the Buckingham Palace nursery, something like that."

Lesley Garner

## Jilly Cooper on style

LAST WEEK I had a great experience—lunch with David Niven. Our aim was to discuss his "autobiography"—which incidentally is one of the funniest books I've read in ages—but instead we discussed everything else under the sun and had such a ball that afterwards the only thing I could be positive about was here was a man with great style.

But what exactly do we mean when we say someone has style? Certainly it is a quality you feel rather than see. You can be as beautiful as the dawn and have no style at all. People with style possess a certain indefinable something that sets them aside from the crowd; they seem to have recognised and cultivated their own special individuality. Whether they do it however never eccentric or outlandish—they do it with conviction and dash. They have the courage to be themselves.

David Niven's brand of style consists of doing and saying exactly the right things at the right moment. Other people with style dazzle you into thinking the wrong thing is right—wearing bedroom slippers with a ballroom, perhaps, or someone else's husband with maroon. Jose Ferrer, for example, had such style that he could make a woman like Cyd Charisse look like a prima donna.

People with style, in fact, break all the rules and get away with it—George Sanders, Tallulah Bankhead, Just William, Mr Kruschev—but not Cary Grant, he's too careful to grow old.

Style has nothing to do with class. Fishmongers have style in abundance, so do mongrels—one has only to look at them jauntily circumnavigating the traffic, curly tails askew. Pedigree dogs are too jumpy and eager to please to have any style. Brunettes have much more style than blondes to make up for not being pre-furred, I suppose.

My English mistress at school first made me conscious of style. She was tall and gaunt with snapping dark eyes and jet black hair. She wore a lot of red and alternately cackled with laughter and erupted into rage. But the moment she came into the classroom, the dingy overhead light bulbs seemed to quadruple their intensity, and we would suddenly become aware of the great coloured world awaiting us beyond the school gates.

Since then I have tried very hard to acquire style. When I was younger I used to make dramatic entrances at parties, standing in the doorway, my head thrown back. If no one took any notice of me, I would go out and come in again. Today when I'm stopping along Little Road, I try to think tall and hold myself properly.

Her carriage is superb," I imagine every passer-by saying to herself, then I trip over an uneven paving stone and the whole image is shattered.

Style, of course, is the ability to make the grand gesture. Squire Morton setting fire to his night shirt to cure the hiccoughs, the Countess of Desmond climbing an apple tree at the age of 140 and falling to her death in a shower of glittering golden apples, Thurber wandering into the Corn Exchange throwing down a handful of corn, and saying: "Exchange that."

Style is also insouciance—a dreadful difficulty to disregard the feelings of others. A recent diplomatic party at a private house was scheduled to end at 11.30, but suddenly took off, and the champagne roar was still going at five o'clock the following morning, by which time the neighbours started complaining. Whereupon a senior

citizen said: "I'm sure you'll be published on October 11 by Hamish Hamilton at £2.50."

ambassador's wife was heard to say: "Don't bother about them, they ought to be getting ready to work by now."

Pure Marie Antoinette.

No one looks stylish in a bath cap, particularly men. On the other hand it's stylish to give your lovers Black Velvet to drink while you're lying in your bath like the Evelyn Waugh heroine. It's also stylish to have an ordinance survey map of your estate to give chums visiting you by private plane, and even more stylish, as one chum did, to land by helicopter in the wrong garden and decimate 1000 roses.

Style comes with age and confidence. One thinks of Methuselah and Casanova. Clay, the children under four have style, their parents don't. Telling them to go to school, and they're shunted off to school to get the stuffing knocked out of them, and don't regain any style until well into their twenties.

Television is deliberately anti-style. It over-exposes people so much that the public become bored of them before they have time to develop any idiosyncrasies. Besides, if you're inviting someone into your front room, I suppose you'd rather they looked like the boy next door than some exotic eccentric Lady Much.

There are exceptions. Flip Wilson has great style, so does Ludovic Kennedy, David Dimbleby and that divine fox in the Fox's Glacier Mint commercials. Jack de Mania has more style than the whole of BBC radio put together.

Andy Williams, Des O'Connor, Val Doonican and their father Perry Como are all the same person and he doesn't have any style at all. John Neville had great style as Marlborough in The First Churchill, even though that ludicrous wig made him look like something out of The First Crufts. Susan Hampshire is so refined she's got "style" hardly surprising after all those Forsyte instalments.

Danny La Rue has great style dressed as a woman. Mrs Grundy has no style dressed as Lord Longford, nor do any of those other Festival of Lime-light seekers. Male nurses have style. So did Charles II. Madame de Staél presumably had Staél before she moved on a host of others.

There isn't much style in literature today, either. I'm bored of all those downbeats greyly celebrating their neuroses. I crave the glittering artificiality of Oscar Wilde and Noel Coward, the devastating wit of Evelyn Waugh and Nancy Mitford.

People with style, I suppose, get away with murder. Jack the Ripper had style, but I can't say the same for Geoff the Rippon, and the rest of that knockabout comedy team at Westminster.

Alpha, Barber, Thatcher, Walker and Come into the Garden Maudling. Harold Wilson had style—but he's so devious I'm sure if he took you out for a slap-up evening, he'd send you four dozen red herrings the next morning. Lovely George Brown had more style than was good for him and seeing the Lords Avon and Butler occasionally on telly makes one realise what style and dignity they had compared with today's motley collection.

Finally, style seems to me to be a healthy disregard for other nations' customs, a refusal to compromise. Like the distinguished American lady who sat next to a man I know at a grand dinner in the city. She chattered incessantly and blew smoke all over him through each course. Finally the chairman rose to his feet saying: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Queen."

Whereupon the distinguished American lady leapt to her feet, crying: "Where is she, where is she? Introduce me at once."

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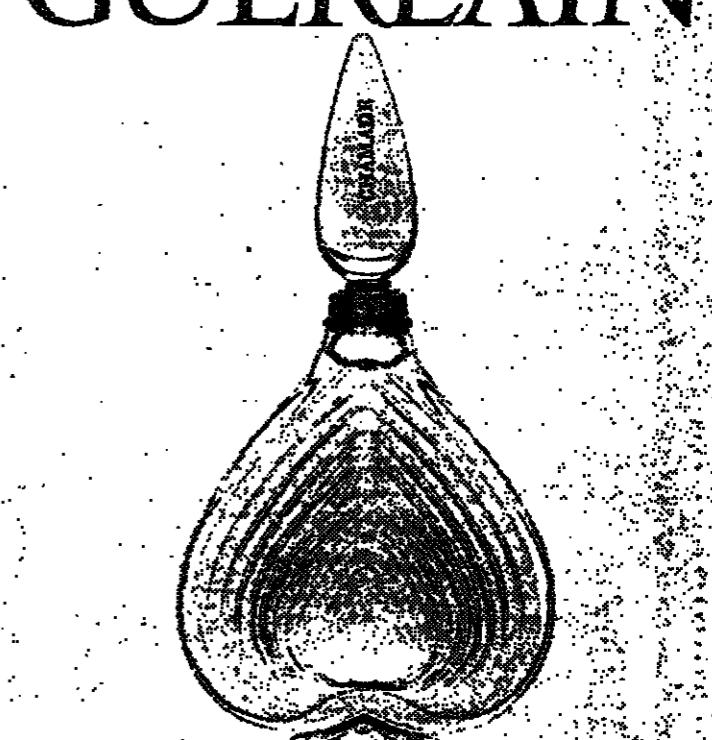
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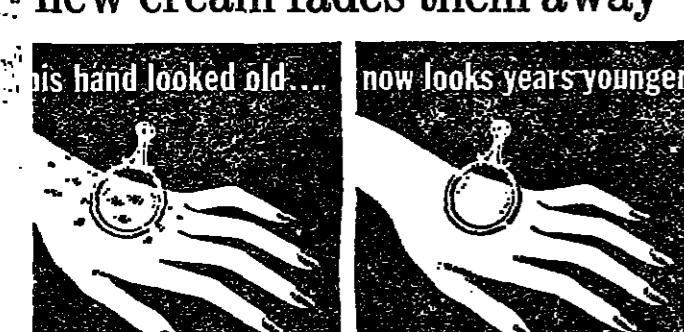
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# OCTOBER NOVA

THIS ISSUE  
MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO  
MEN'S HEALTH... AND  
EVERY WOMAN SHOULD  
FIND OUT WHY!

## NOVA

Keep your hair on-  
wherever it is!

## NOVA

The snakes and ladders  
of the Sex War. A Freud-  
inspired quiz.

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ludicrous. Our 100 women  
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Where liberation begins:  
In the nursery school.

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What homosexuals think  
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# OCTOBER NOVA

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know about women.  
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## LOOK!

### A blind dinner

FROZEN food has possibly got itself a poor image because so far it's been pretty plebian fodder. Look! felt that a fairer judgment could be made by trying the more adventurous dishes now beginning to make their appearance, the gourmet end of the market.

We got a cook with a reputation for unfailing excellence and swore her to secrecy: she wasn't to tell the guests that dinner was frozen. She served pâté, sole bonne femme, duckling in orange sauce, all of which were frozen; then cheese from the incomparable Roche of Soho and the cook's own huge apple tart with cream (a bit of a swizz these, since they weren't frozen, only thrown in to complete the sense of a banquet).

With the tart our cook served a Chateau Coutet 1932 and confessed all. Jilly Cooper refused to believe any of it was frozen; but then you'd expect her to be rapturous about such a discovery since she pretends she can only cook cabbage. More impressive, Egon Ronay was full of praise—generally he has maintained an unrivalled lack of enthusiasm for frozen food. He's awfully polite, of course, but even so it was eloquent enough that he ate everything.

Our cook said it was the easiest meal she'd ever cooked. Making it all herself would have been no problem, she said, and there was her tip to the cook.

She was most impressed by the sole bone femme: it was boiled in its plastic bag for ten minutes and served. She said that the day all food comes this way will be the day she gives up cooking.

The pâté was in a foil container, just left to defrost. The duckling, in its sauce, also in foil, had merely to be heated in the oven.

It all came from Alveston Kitchens, a company formed three years ago by John Docker and Mitchell Fisher. They were students of hotel management and cookery together and joined up in business with the conviction that there had to be a way of producing gourmet food with all the convenience of the humbler dishes available—pre-cooked and defrosted.

A great deal of experimentation went on at Docker's farmhouse kitchen at Alveston, near Stratford-on-Avon. The recipes used were classical French and Italian.

Their gastronomic and economic break-through was first proved by their taking over the restaurants at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford. They turned a heavy loss into a profit.

Meanwhile, their outside business has flourished and their dishes are fairly widely available now: duckling à l'orange seems most popular at 12½p for two portions; the pâté we had is 7½p for six; boeuf bourguignon is 10p for two; but for a full list of dishes and availability write to Alveston Kitchens, Timothy's Bridge Road, Stratford. There are catering packs, too, but you need deep-freeze for those, and about deep-freezers—more in Look! next Sunday.

#### Narration

Fascination  
Infatuation  
Adoration  
Anticipation  
Oscillation  
Frustration  
Exploration  
Experimentation  
Vacillation  
Defloration  
Impregnation?  
Confirmation  
Indignation  
Lilacation  
Solemnisation

Ian S. T. Macfadden



A NEW PIECE of furniture (above) from Rupert Officer, a designer who seems to be going places. This acrylic chaise-longue has been chosen by Walter Collins, of Oscar Woollens, 421/3 Finchley Road, London NW3 as the only piece of British furniture in his big 25th anniversary exhibition of international furniture beginning on October 14. It has also been chosen by Maples for their

comfort promotion starting on Wednesday. Walter Collins says of the chaise-longue that it is "a very imaginative and elegant way to use acrylic. It has a beautiful and flowing line, a sculptural quality that I like." I agree. It is a lovely piece of furniture designed by a designer who clearly has a great feeling for acrylics. The price is £110.

Lucia van der Post

### Three white, three red

FOR THE SIXTH INSTANT Cellar

I've departed from precedent and chosen a pair each of six wines from the 18th-century wine merchant. John Harvey—maybe best known for sherry, but listing fine wines, too. These six wines would enable you to have three dinner-party pairs (one white, one red), or you could have an all-white wine meal, or a delectable comparison of two quite different but first-rate Beaujolais, or have a crisp, dry Mosel before a robust Rhône with an autumnal casserole.

The white wines are especially fine, the red wines the sort to interest any sincere wine-lover. I've chosen them bearing in mind the contents of Instant Cellars of past months—and the future—and the comments I've received from readers. You could make this selection the basis for a wine-tasting party, with the accompanying notes I've written about them, as well as serving them with food. If you do, serve them in the order given here.

Instant Cellar No. 6 gives you:

Two bottles of Oberemmeler Scherzberg 1969, a wine from the Saar, tributary of the Mosel, fresh and crisp, good for an aperitif, or an any time or first course drink. Two bottles of Sauvignon de St Bris 1970, Domaine W. Pinon, a wine from the Department of the Yonne. We had an Aligoté St Bris in the Instant Cellar No. 1—here's a chance to compare grapes. The wine is dry, fullish, very much all-purpose and it is French-bottled.

Two bottles of Sancerre 1970, P. Frieur, a Loire wine, also from the Sauvignon grape and very fine indeed. It is French



bottled, and deliciously fragrant, full-flavoured and in the "dinner party" category for either a first course (with shellfish, including oysters or lobster), or with a not-too-meaty main course such as boiled or even plainly roast chicken, or a crown roast (but no mint sauce).

Two bottles of Chiroubles 1970 and two bottles of Brouilly 1970, both single district Beaujolais, each of them representing their region to perfection. Good Beaujolais is a treat—and sometimes a rare one. But it can be a delight. Not for nothing is the motto of the Compagnons du Beaujolais "Vulnus les tonneaux!" (Empty the casks!). It should be a wine you quaff, and then want to quaff again. The Chiroubles is fresh, fruity, fairly light in character, at its best now.

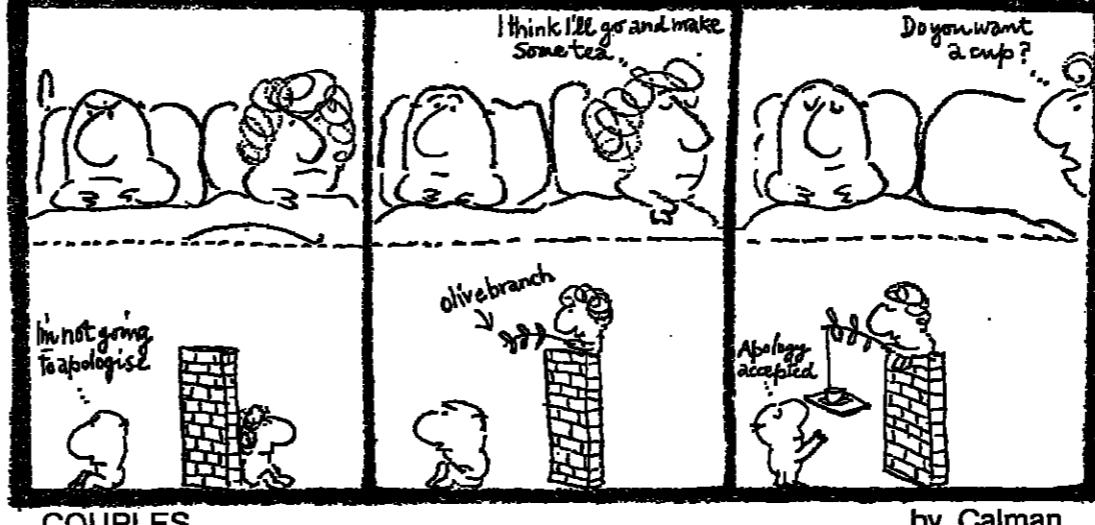
The Brouilly is firmer, capable of getting even better, sturdy enough to partner a game dish, whereas the Chiroubles is maybe its best with grills or stews for cold roast. But either of the pair would make a party even just with bread and cheese—but allow generous amounts per head.

Two bottles of Domaine Bel Air, 1968, Côte du Rhône. A good example of a Rhône wine from further south than the one in Instant Cellar No. 3—this comes from a single vineyard near Avignon. It is good now, especially with casseroles, game, or very spiced meats, but it will get better.

The Instant Cellar No. 6, delivered free with my own tasting notes and instructions for serving the wines, costs £9.60, a saving of £1.42 if you went and bought the wines yourself.

To obtain Instant Cellar No. 6, send a remittance for £9.60 to: John Harvey & Sons Ltd., P.O. Box 55, Bristol. It is regretted that the merchant cannot enter into correspondence about the offer, nor can the wines be altered. The volume of orders may mean some delay in dispatch.

Pamela Vandyke Price



by Calman



### Winter in Dereta

It's the warmest way to see winter out. Left: in brown/olive tweed mixture, racoon collar, sizes 12-16, £36.70. Right: in oatmeal tweed or black and white tweed, Spanish lamb collar, sizes 12-16, £26.90.

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### How labels came unstuck

I CAN REMEMBER being six and squeezing into the attic of my uncle's house in order to drag out an old brown leather suitcase full of dressing-up clothes.

At the time the clothes interested me more than the case, but in recalling the scene I can remember that the suitcase was absolutely plastered with sticky luggage labels, from almost every other were intended not as art but as a magical offering to the gods to ensure good travelling.

There were P & O round ones and big square ones and the writing on them stated boldly for the world to see that my aunt and uncle had, in their hey-day, visited the Majestic Hotel in Cannes, the Grand in Nice, plus a dozen others on the Continent. They had even visited Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo and the label from there was very romantic with a sepià pyramid and a palm tree, but sadly half the pyramid was obliterated by a label from somewhere in Brighton (my aunt and uncle ran out of money towards the end).

In the Thirties, when one half of the population was on the breadline and marching from Jarrow, a small percentage of the other half did the grand tour of Europe or the Atlantic run in the Berengaria (which had been captured from the Germans in the First World War). Travel, especially foreign travel, was the prerogative of the rich, so that a luggage label firmly attached to a suitcase or trunk was as much a status symbol then as the Mini with smoked glass windows or the Jensen Interceptor that gets up to 35 in first gear.

As the crepe-de-chine gently jostled the black bugle beads at the cold buffet tables of the floating hotels, to a background of popping champagne corks and Henry Hall's band, the well-labelled cabin trunks stoically helped maintain the status quo, as every label told a story—a success story. Foreign travel was the thing to do and where you'd been and how you'd travelled provided a great arena for one-upmanship.

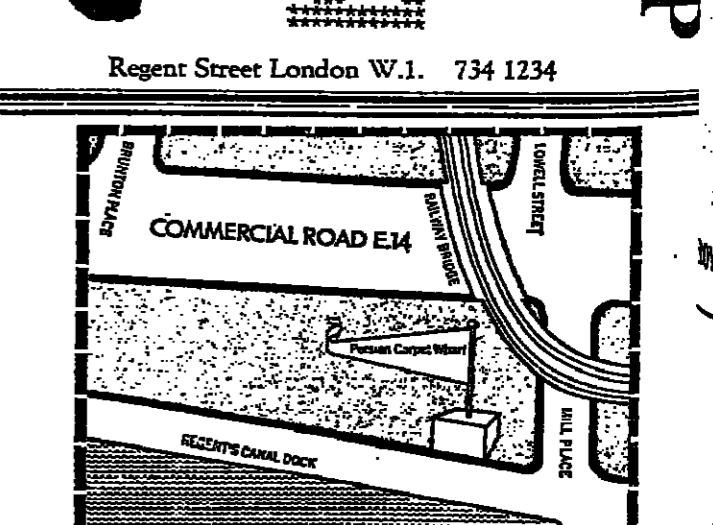
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We get lots like that," airport porter said. "They do for show you know."

"Have you," I asked him, "ever seen any label on a suitcase in all the years you've been here which sticks in your mind?"

"Yes," he replied. "It showed a hand pulling a lavatory chain and underneath it said in black letters 'Goodbye to the world'."

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الإسكندرية

## Depression: a wife's story

HUSBAND is depressed. He has been depressed for about two years. I try to make myself understand: I think about awful, tense, grey, pre-striatal days when I drive the road with my usual fear. Accidents completely departed, use on those days I don't if I am killed anyway. I tell that that is how he feels in, day out.

He is not depressed about anything. Some forms of depression are obviously normal and even typical as a response to bereavement, for example. My husband has an "endogenous" depression, depression "growing from within" without any specific identifiable cause.

Mornings are worst. He wakes early, after sleeping fitfully, is immediately overwhelmed by nameless forebodings and fears. He has almost always had to get to work where, keeping going at top pressure, he is able to ward off a great awareness of his failings.

At the time he comes home in evening a complete change has taken place. He is listless, less and has only a fading rest in anything. His bore-threshold is unbelievably low.

For example, he cannot bear to read anything more than a newspaper headline, though he used to read widely. He is desperate to have company, but claims to find all our ends boring, and when I am inviting someone he is down every name suggested.

His restless fit is short-lived: in the hour he is asleep in armchair and only rouses self to stagger upstairs, sometimes as early as 8.30 and rarely after 10 pm.

He works all day Saturdays. He does Sunday because there is work to terminate the morning and it haunts him until late time, after which he goes to bed and sleeps for two or three hours.

For him everything is monotonous: he cannot distinguish between good and bad, beautiful ugly; he cannot make moral aesthetic judgments or decisions. He feels remote and withdrawn and cannot allow himself

Emmenthal to Gruyere: no can be holier than thou."

Timothy Benjamin

## LOOK!

self to admit or express his emotions. He says he has never felt a single moment's happiness in his wife's life.

There is a terrible feedback: his depression depresses me, which in turn makes him more depressed; he becomes withdrawn and rebuffs any physical or emotional approach and I, too, become frigid and withdrawn.

This naturally makes him feel even more isolated and his remoteness intensifies. We never fight; we speak rarely, formally, politely. We huddle into opposite sides of our bed at night.

People suffering from depression refer to their failure to make contact, of feeling as if they are isolated from the rest of the world by a glass wall. No one seems to realize that their family and friends are usually as acutely conscious of the glass wall as they are.

Mostly I worry about our children. He is incapable of becoming involved with them although he longs to. Our elder boy loves to make things and desperately wants to work with his father. But my husband, who is very good with his hands, never makes anything with them, and the super tools and work bench lie idle while the children persistently use them.

Within 18 months of our marriage I went into analysis. My problems have proved to be by no means as deep-rooted, complex and agonising as my husband's. It was impossible to believe then that his depression really had nothing to do with our marriage: I felt sure that he did not love me, did not find me attractive and that I was no good in bed.

After I had finished my analysis, which lasted for three years and continued through my first two pregnancies, the problems grew more intense.

I start most days with a sick headache. The children have

always come into our room as soon as they wake up, which they do at a reasonably civilised hour. I feel my stomach tighten into knots as I sense them exacerbating my husband's taut nerves.

I have become harder on the children in an effort to save them from the consequences of their own actions, and watch in mounting pain when I see them going on far. It is difficult for me to see civilian training and high spirits in any sort of perspective.

Although the depression is always present it is cyclical and has some slight remissions followed by terrible, terrifying down-swings. At these times I can do nothing right for him and it becomes almost funny: the dinner is wrong: "Why don't we never have fish?" The following night we have fish and he does not want it or like it.

I feel that we ought to be companionable in the evenings and instead of the things I am longing to do (typing letters, phoning, music practice, etc.) I sit in the room with him while he sits in front of the television—alone.

When he goes up to bed I have just reached my best time of day, but it seems terrible to me that we should never go to bed at the same time, so I trail up the stairs immediately after him, hoping that this gesture will show him my affection and ease his sadness. After months of having these hateful early nights, I have now found out that he feels intensely irritated and persecuted by my sitting in the room with him and following him upstairs.

"Why won't you ever leave me alone? Can't you see how desperate I am to be on my own?"

His parents tell me that he ought to try to pull himself together. My parents tell me that he ought to have a healthy, outdoor interest like golf. All the articles about depression tell you that the patient cannot pull himself together at all: I tell his parents that, but sometimes I am driven into pleading with him myself to make a bit more effort.

I feel dreadfully guilty about the golf because I am against it even if it is a good idea, whatever the strain of Sundays it is our only time together and I cannot bear the thought of his going off alone.

It seems to me that the whole value of all our lives is at stake. We met when I was 17 and he was 19 and we were married after a courtship of nearly five years. We have been married for 11 years and I love him dearly.

Our marriage has never been at risk. But it seems as if everything I have ever done or felt, all our shared experiences, are nullified if he really never has a moment's happiness. I have said to him that I refuse to accept that this is how our life is to be from now on. I insisted that he must seek help and I made all the arrangements. I thought our troubles would be relieved.

Next Sunday: the treatment.



Margaret Leighton: "I know I look dreadfully dated. I usually sit around in jeans like a cow girl. I'd love to be trendy and in the swing, but now I don't even know where to buy to look elegant."



Michael Wilding: "Levis, a Marks and Spencer woolly and a shirt from Katharine Hepburn. 'I say to Maggie she mustn't ever try to push me into trendy stuff.'

## His clothes and hers

THE DEEPLY HAPPY marriage of Margaret Leighton and Michael Wilding is now in its eighth year. For each the marriage seems the first despite the publicity both received before with previous partners. His second spouse was Elizabeth Taylor, mother of his sons, and hers was Laurence Harvey.

These Wildings are even on the surface an obviously well-suited pair. They somehow look alike. Very English. Classic. They share a tall legacy: elegant, unbeatable racehorses. They are ageless and their aura is such that age is something you wouldn't inquire about anyway.

Like everyone who looks a million dollars whatever they're wearing, they are confidently unpreoccupied with clothes. "We've come to the point where we couldn't care less. Now we just look like any comfortable aged couple." Which isn't true, as you can see.

Michael: "We met making a Hitchcock film, Under Capricorn. Under Cornucopia we called it. I thought she was terribly attractive and unapproachable."

Margaret: "Because I was terrible."

Michael: "She was very Old Vic and I was just a Flash Arse Harry. Flushing my teeth. Asinine smile. Anyway we didn't meet again for 14 years. Not till 1962 in America. Maggie had a flat in New York. I remember the carpet."

Margaret: "It was dark purple, extremely elegant."

Michael: "It was dark purple, extremely hard on the eyes in the morning. The next year we got married."

Margaret: "I wore a hideous Paisley-patterned dress of mind-boggling revulsion."

Michael: "It was a kind of mauve bolster. She looked very pretty. Her face did."

Margaret: "He wore a dark suit. He always looks very well when he's done up. His tailors are Benson, Perry and Whitley in Cork Street."

Michael: "Wilson Keppel and Betty I call them. Famous music hall team. I don't own many clothes. Spend most of the time in Levis and loafers. Used to have hats and a camel-hair coat. Can't think what's happened to them. I say to Maggie she mustn't ever try to push me into trendy stuff. This woolly I'm wearing is from Marks and Spencer. The shirt, Katie Hepburn gave me. That's a nice shirt you're wearing. I said to her, 'So she gave me one. Once I had a marvellous morning suit made for me to wear with Anna Neagle in one of our films. I'd decided to nick it when it disappeared. It turned up in Blackpool, on me in Madame Tussauds. Those were in my swerve dancing—I use the term loosely—days. A chorus boy once told me I had the best legs in the business. Rather nerve-racking."

Maggie: "We neither of us dress up now. I usually sit around in jeans like a cowgirl. I've never been pretty so I have to bother with make-up, but the way I do it is frightfully old-fashioned. I know that I'd love to be trendy and in the swing, know where to buy and what gear (is that it?) to wear. But I've been 12 years in America and now I don't even know where to go to be elegant."

I used to dress at Hardy Amies and Norman Hartnell but now I just don't get round to it. And if I did I honestly wouldn't know what to ask for. The way I look is dreadfully dated. The other day I said to Mike that I was getting just too decrepit. So when we were in London we went into this shop together."

Michael: "It was a bar, a sort of wig bar. Indeed I ought to have been getting something for myself. Maggie put on a long door mat with a lot of knitting in the parting. I thought what is she doing the silly old fool. I was appalled. I thought she's well known, she shouldn't be seen like this. Besides she's too beautiful. But she was drunk with power. She bought two of them."

Maggie: "His manners are so nice, he didn't like to say in front of the assistant that I looked like an animal's you-know-what. And I couldn't tell till I got home. I didn't like to put my glasses on in the shop, it would have spoiled the effect."

Michael: "It was all so misty in the mirror she thought she was Alice in Wonderland."

Maggie: "He's a wonderfully patient husband. I feel rotten when I wasn't happily married as to how I'd look well I'd probably try harder and end up looking more ridiculous. So now I stay as I am. We both do. Just from laughing so much with each other nothing else seems important."

Molly Parkin

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